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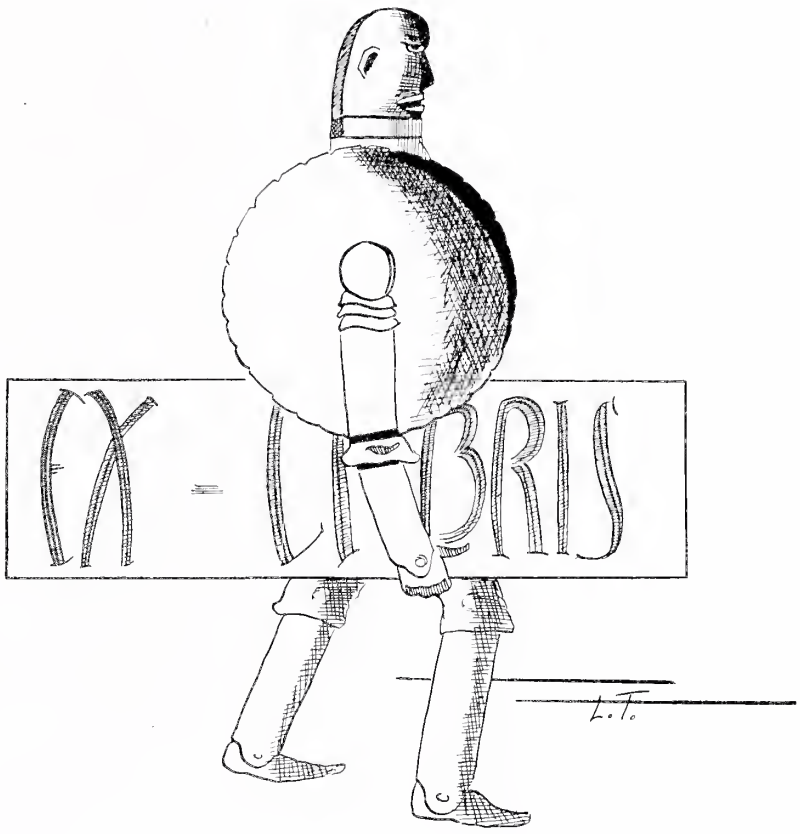


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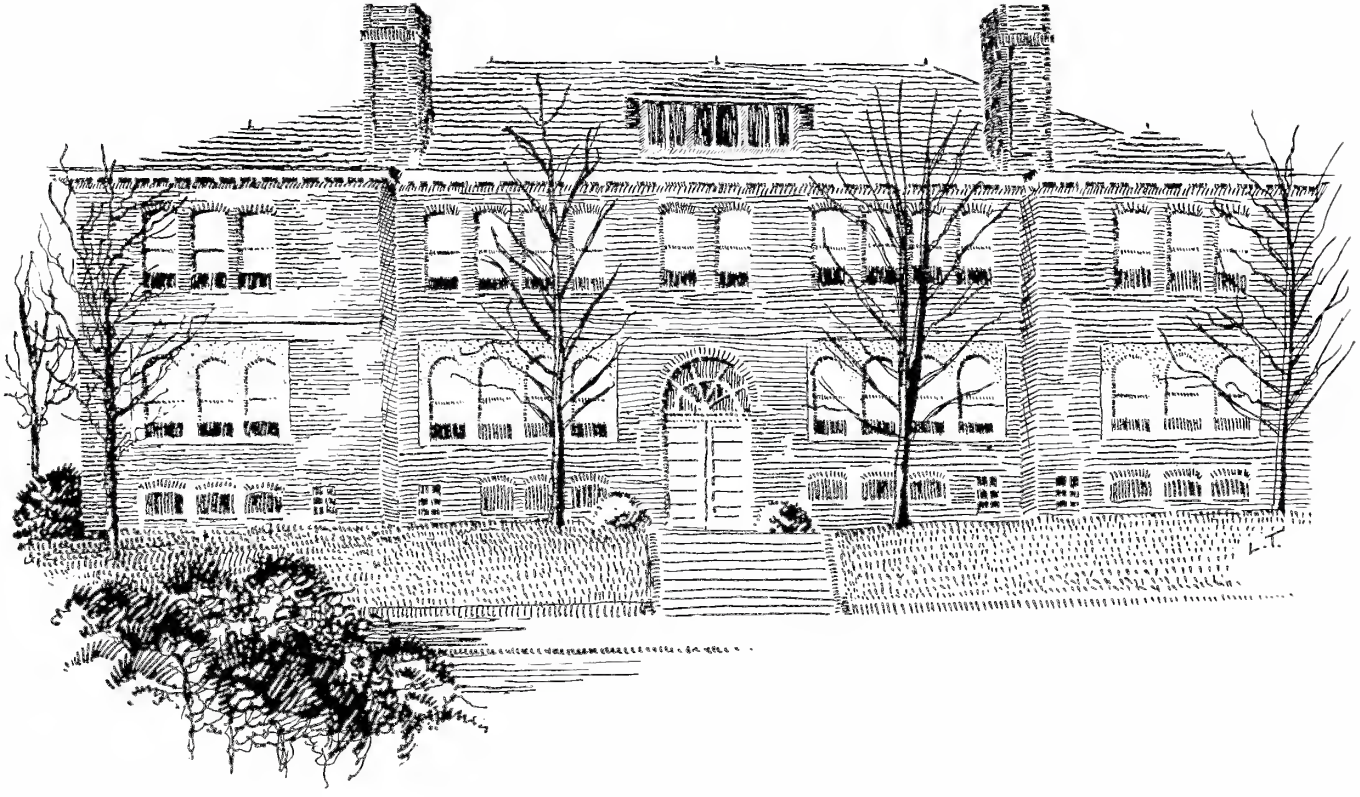
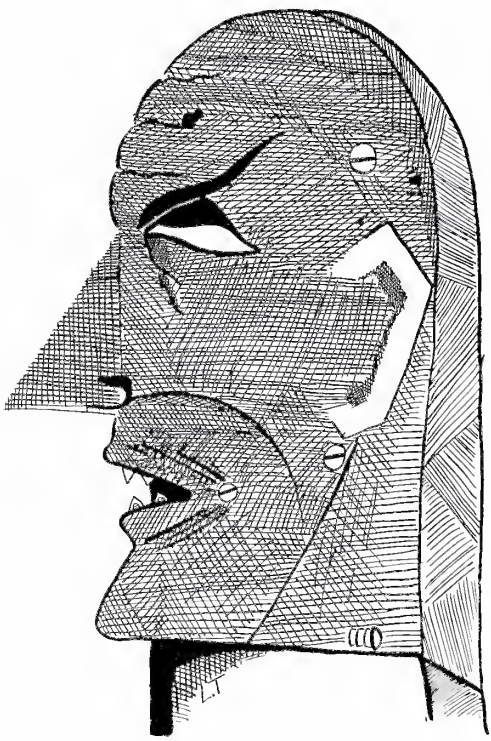


# THE CHAIN

## FIFTEENTH LINK



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LANE HIGH SCHOOL

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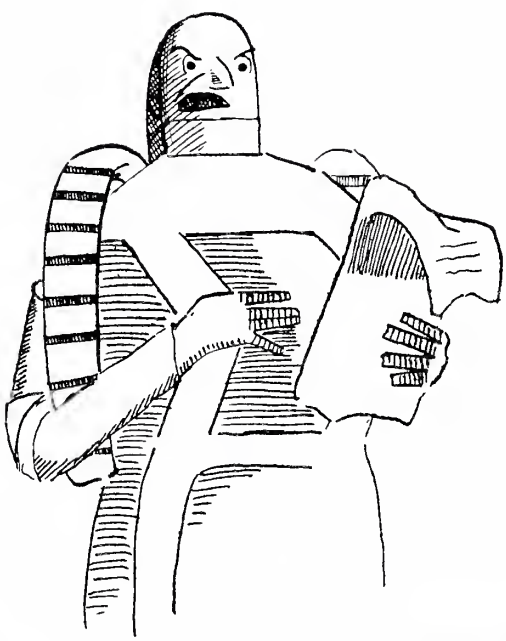
# FOREWORD

AFTER much deliberation and labor, the Staff of 1933 presents this fifteenth link of THE CHAIN to the student body of Lane High School. Since today we are living in an age of machines, mechanical and technical devices, jazz, and modernistic art, we have developed a theme centered around modern trends in thought and action.



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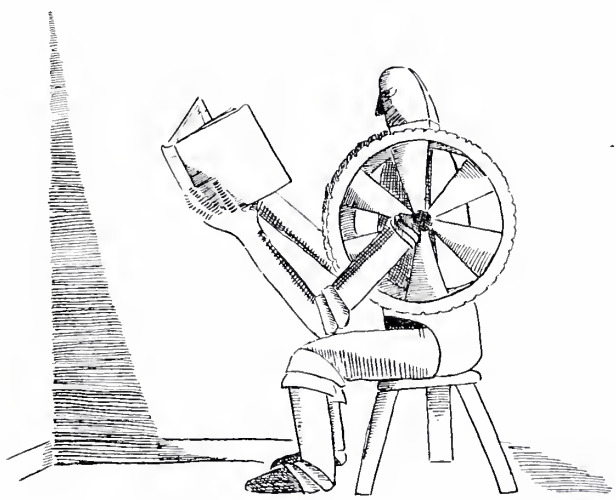

# DEDICATION

TO

## VIRGINIA FRANKLIN BOLEN

*This Annual is sincerely dedicated in recognition*
*of her friendliness, understanding,*
*and service to the school and* THE CHAIN

# FACULTY

JAMES G. JOHNSON
CITY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
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PRINCIPAL LANE HIGH SCHOOL
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FRANCIS G. LANKFORD, JR.
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ROBERT E. SWINDLER
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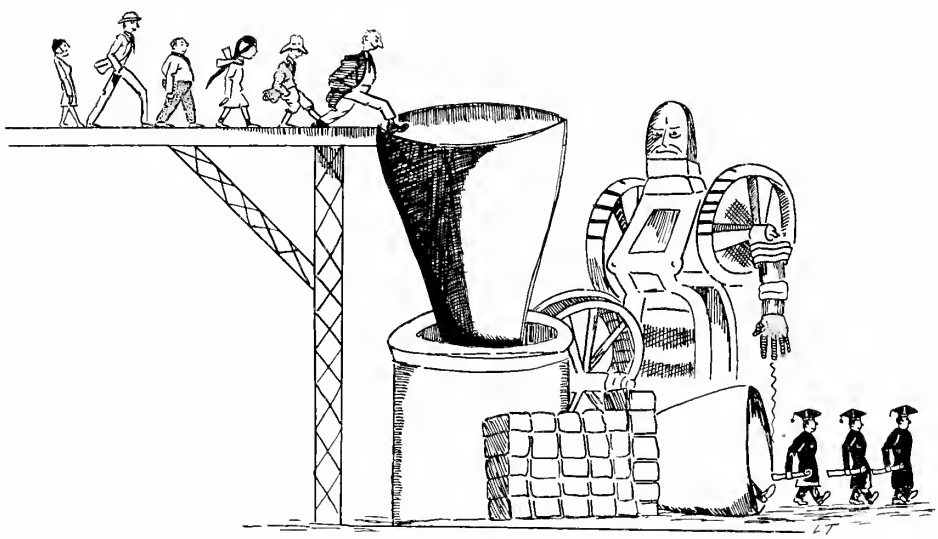
B. S., University of Virginia.

# SENIORS



# *The Human Grinder*

By Eleanor Quarles, '34

*With faltering step, both fat and lean,*
*The Freshmen enter the machine;*
*Raw products, they, all sorts and kinds,*
*The dumbest and the master minds.*

*The supervisor, Faculty,*
*Is kept quite busy, as you see;*
*These Freshmen are most obstinate things—*
*Machine called School, just fairly sings.*

*The wheels inside turn 'round and 'round;*
*These products all are finely ground;*
*Poor Freshmen fall upon their heads—*
*Machine called School has no soft beds.*

*For four long years the work goes on—*
*An evolution for Jim and John;*
*A noticeable change takes place,*
*One sees it both in mind and face.*

*And when their turn is finally o'er,*
*Those simple Freshmen are no more*
*And in their place—oh, can it be*
*These perfect Seniors that we see?*

# *Class of 1933*

*Motto:* "Haec olim meminisse iuvabit"

*Colors:* Eleanor Blue and Silver *Flower:* Larkspur

## OFFICERS

Charles Evans ..... *President*

William Stallings ..... *Vice-President*

Jeanette Petty ..... *Secretary*

Martha Coulter ..... *Treasurer*

Miss Sylvia P. Horwitz ..... *Sponsor*

### Helen Rebecca Ballard

In her heart there lingers Heaven's trace,
As she lives each day with zest and grace.

### Lucy Waddell Baylor

You must listen to Lucy Baylor sing;
She makes of song such a lovely thing.

### Neva Koontz Blakey

Mild mannered in both speech and ways,
Yet much there is in what she says.

### John Booth

A tall, blond lad is one John Booth,
Just bubbling o'er with careless youth.

### Albert Clinton Boze

H. L. S., '29-'30; Football Squad, '31-'32; Boys' H '30-'32.

"Can I take it?" His favorite line
Is boisterous proof Clinton's feeling fine.

### Lucille Joycelyn Bragg

Typist The Chain, '31-'33.

Kindness, joy, and every grace
One sees plainly in her face.

## Mary Frances Breeden

Vice-President Freshman Class, '29-'30; H. L. S., '31-'32.

Take all of the nicest words you know
And use them for Frances—they'll be so.

## Jury Yates Brown, Jr.

M. L. S., '30-'31; Junior Hi-Y, '29-'30; Senior Hi-Y, '30-'33; G. A. A. Board, '30-'31; President Sophomore Class, '30-'31; President G. A. A., '32-'33; Student Council, '30-'31, '31-'32; *Midway Student* Reporter, '30-'31; Business Manager The Chain, '32-'33.

A talkative lad is Jury Yates;
Nevertheless he has lovable traits.

## Eleanor Easer Burch

Secretary Sophomore Class, '30-'31; Assistant Editor *Midway Student*, '31-'32.

Which shall we praise? Her brains or her curls?
For Eleanor's the luckiest of girls,
She has both!

## Elizabeth Constance Campbell

M. L. S., '32-'33; Student Council, '30-'33.

Not too quiet, not too gay;
A real sport in every way.

## Francesca Dean Clarke

M. L. S., '32-'33; Exchange Editor *Bumble Bee*, '32-'33.

Well dressed, charming, and so vivacious,
Our pretty Frances is always gracious.

## Hartwell Patteson Clarke

Boys' Glee Club, '30-'33; Junior Football, '31-'32.

A bashful lover, a second "Bing";
A banjo player who can also sing.

### Ruth Louise Clarke

M. L. S., '32-'33.

Always merry, always gay,
A friend to all in every way.

### Virginia Mae Clarke

Virginia Mae is kind and polite,
With a smile her face is always bright.

### Zelma Louise Coffey

M. L. S., '32-'33; Student Council, '29-'30.

Louise, as we have oft observed,
Is quiet, thoughtful, and reserved.

### E. Hudson Cole

Players' Club, '32-'33; Hi-Y, '32-'33; Photograph Editor The Chain, '33; Manager Football, '32; "C" Club, '32-'33; Football Squad, '32-'33; Manager Track, '31-'32.

When one hears a laugh from the very soul,
He will always know 'tis Hudson Cole.

### Robert W. Cole

Football Squad, '32-'33; Glee Club, '32-'33; Track, '31-'32; Baseball, '32-'33.

Genial, jovial, a rare good friend,
Here's a health to Bobby whom all commend.

### Mary Isabel Costan

Typist for *Bumble Bee* and The Chain, '31-'33.

Isabel is a willing worker—
We're glad to say she is no shirker.

## Martha Campbell Coulter

Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'33; Secretary Hi-Y, '31-'32; President Hi-Y, '32-'33; Society Editor *Midway Student*, '30-'31; M. L. S., '30-'33; Senior Class Treasurer, '32-'33; Cheer Leader, '32-'33.

Work's play to her way of viewing it—
Done just for the fun of doing it.

## Nelson W. Coward

M. L. S., '31-'33; Business Manager The Chain, '33.

Brimful of mischief, mirth and glee,
Nelson's grin is "Open, Sesame."

## Jessie Virginia Cowles

Typist The Chain, '31-'32.

Jessie Cowles, with her raven hair,
Is a capable typist, a person rare.

## Pauline Elizabeth Davis

Pauline, who is our beauty,
Never fails to do her duty.

## Frederick Charles Disque, Jr.

Hi-Y, '31-'33; Student Council, '32-'33; Vice-President Student Council, '32-'33; H. L. S., '32-'33; "C" Club, '32-'33; Basketball Squad and Letter, '32-'33.

Fred's talent is great and varied as well,
To all of his friends he's simply swell.

## Adeline Duke

We offer for your admiration
A lass who's learned the art of conversation.

### Charles Thomas Evans, Jr.

Football Squad, '32-'33; Vice-President of Junior Class, '31-'32; President Senior Class, '32-'33; M. L. S., '30-'31; Boys' Hi-Y, '31-'33; G. A. A. Board, '31-'33; Reporter *Midway Student*, '32-'33; Secretary Boys' Hi-Y, '32-'33.

Charles is a fellow who never cares
Until it comes to "Petty" affairs.

### William Harrison Faulkner

A tall, brown-haired, headstrong lad
Interested in every new scientific fad.

### Hollis Thurston Fitch

Boys' Glee Club, '31-'33.

He thinks that every rule and custom
Were only made or those too weak to bust 'em.

### Elizabeth Despina Gagas

M. L. S., '30-'33; Assistant Editor *Bumble Bee*, '32-'33; Assistant Editor The Chain; Student Council, '33.

Dependable, capable, willing to work
'Lizabeth's never been known to shirk.

### Raymond Garland

Raymond, with a heart full of fun
Always has his work well done.

### Jackson Graydon Garrette

Football Squad, '30-'32; Basketball Squad, '30-'32; Players' Club, '32.

With Bobby Jones he can't compete
But Graydon's putting is very neat.

### Ethel Gay

Mild in manner, gentle in way,
Winsome and winning is Ethel Gay.

### Aleata Virginia Gibson

Glee Club, '32-'33.

For minstrel or glee club she plays a tune
She's always ready to help them croon.

### Gertrude Olive Gitchell

In spite of manner so sagacious,
Gertrude is gentle and efficacious.

### Robert Emanuel Goldsten

Junior Football, '31; Co-Prophet Senior Class, '33; M. L. S., '33.

He talks, and he talks, and he talks some more;
Of wit and wisecracks he has an endless store.

### Frances Falconer Grant

Players' Club, '31-'33; Secretary H. L. S., '32-'33; *Midway Student* Reporter, '32-'33; Feature Editor The Chain and *Bumble Bee*, '32-'33.

Graciousness and charm adorn
One who is "to the manner born."

### Carter Edmund Graves

Boys' Hi-Y, '32-'33; Football, '32.

Virtues amiable and dependable
Make Carter quite capable.

## Lois Peyton Herring

M. L. S., '32-'33.

Wherever Lois goes, about her clings
A lot of talent for enjoying little things.

## Frank Boyd Hoffer

Football Squad, '31-'32; Junior Hi-Y, '28; Senior Hi-Y, '32-'33.

Boyd likes little Freshman girls
With lots of "it" and pretty curls.

## Alfred Edward Hopkinson

Boys' Hi-Y, '32-'33.

Ed is so modest, few have heard
That as an artist, he's a bird.

## Maxine Erle Houchins

She's a maiden most ambitious,
And her laugh is quite delicious.

## Stanley House

Herr Einstein has nothing on Stanley House—
But you'd never know it—he's quiet as a mouse.

## Margaret Ann Hulvey

Girls' Glee Club, '31-'33; H. L. S., '30-'33; Typist The Chain.

Clever, gay, and debonair,
Capable and very fair.

### William Carrington Jones

Football, '29-'33; Football Letters, '30-'32; Basketball, '31-'33; Basketball Letter, '32; "C" Club, '31-'33; G. A. A., '30-'33; Treasurer G. A. A., '30-'31; Hi-Y, '32-'33.

Billy loves to disagree
With no matter whom it be.

### Louise de Ségur Keister

Student Council, '30; Girls' Glee Club, '32-'33; Girls' Hi-Y, '32-'33; M. L. S., '31-'33; *Richmond Times Dispatch* gold medal for track.

'Tis a maiden's right to be fickle, yielding, gay
As a storm-kissed, sun-blest, glistening April day.

### James Hunter Logan

Players' Club, '30-'32, Secretary, '32-'33; Boys' Glee Club, '31-'33; M. L. S., '31-'33; Business Manager *Midway Student*, '31-'33.

He's writing now by the name of "Skeets";
Some day, who knows, he will rival Keats.

### James Landon Maddex

Landon does his lessons well—
In all his tasks he does excel.

### Lucy Catherine Miller

Girls' Glee Club, '29-'33; Players' Club, '30-'33.

Lucy is a lady most imperturbable,
Even when a stocking runs, her temper's curbable.

### Mary Jane Miller

More lovely than the evanescent beauty of her face
Is her ease of manner and unconscious grace.

## Ellen Virginia Rebecca Miller

Girls' Hi-Y, '32-'33; Art Editor The Chain, '33; Cheer Leader, '32-'33.

Rebecca truly loves her art
And has an understanding heart.

## Rhea Helen Miller

Where'er we search, we cannot find
A heart more generous or more kind.

## Virginia Louise Minter

Virginia is trustworthy and true,
Her best she strives in all to do.

## Bettie Evelyn Mitchell

Betty loves to dance a lot
With her precious Lancelot.

## Ernest Randolph Mitchell

M. L. S., '32-'33; Boys' Glee Club, '31-'32; Players' Club, '31-'32; Track Team, '30-'31; Basketball Squad, '30-'31; Football Squad, '30-'31; Football Letter, '31; "C" Club, '31-'33, Vice-President "C" Club, '31-'32; Hi-Y Club, '32-'33.

Ernest always has something to say,
No matter how or in what way.

## F. Whitton Morse

Hi-Y, '29-'33, President Hi-Y, '32-'33; "C" Club, '31-'33, President "C" Club, '32-'33; H. L. S., '29-'33; Boys' Glee Club, '32-'33; Student Council, '30-'31; Football Letters, '30, '31, '32; Football Co-Captain, '32; Basketball Letters, '32, '33; Captain Basketball, '32; Track Squad, '29-'33.

Our best all-'round boy is Whitton,
In fact, with him there is no quittin'.

### Margaret Mae Norvelle

Typist The Chain, '32-'33; M. L. S., '31-'33.

By nature she is sweet and unobtrusive,
Her proof of modesty is most conclusive.

### Kitty Wingfield O'Brien

M. L. S., '29-'32, Vice-President, '30-'33; Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'33, Vice-President, '32-33; Players' Club, '29-'32, President, '32-'33; Student Council, '31-'32; Reporter *Midway Student,* '29-'31, News Editor, '31-'32, Editor-in-Chief, '32-'33.

Our Irish lassie, so versatile and fair
Is genial, dependable—a person quite rare.

### Clara Genevieve Odle

Clara, one of our smallest lasses,
Always studies for her classes.

### Phoebe Anne Ogilvie

M. L. S., '30-'33.

Phoebe Anne is light of step,
Gay of heart, and full of pep.

### George Elliott Parker

Parker is our "Mysterious Mose,"
Who keeps his teachers on their toes.

### Alma Lee Parr

She's a dainty little elf with a winning way
And you really couldn't wonder if many thought her gay.

## Mattie Taliaferro Perkins

This little lass so small and fair
Is known as the verbal questionnaire.

## Jeanette Louise Petty

H. L. S., '30-'33; President Junior Class, '31-'32; Secretary Senior Class, '32-'33; Typist *Midway Student*, '32-'33; Student Council, '30; Hi-Y, '31-'33.

Jeanette gives everyone an "Evanly" smile
She's coquettish and charming—and has no guile.

## Vernon Cuphbert Quarles

M. L. S., '32-'33.

For work he has a wonderful capacity,
And no one questions his veracity.

## Lucy Anne Quisenberry

She's calm, reserved, and very kind;
In truth, her faults are hard to find.

## Agnes Gay Ramsey

Girls' Hi-Y, '32-'33; M. L. S., '32-'33; Senior Class Historian.

"Hi, there, how are you?" is her unchanging greeting,
Yet her smile makes it new at every greeting.

## Lucy Elizabeth Robinson

Calm and placid are her days;
Her measures move in ordered ways.

### Clara Evelyn Rodgers

Clara Rodgers is sweet and kind—
A better sport you'll hardly find.

### John Eldon Shepherd, III

Junior Football, '31-'32; The Chain Photograph Editor, '32-'33; Hi-Y, '32-'33.

Johnny pursues a scholarly way,
But he finds much fun from day to day.

### Curtis Astor Smith

Players Club, '32-'33; Glee Club, '31-'33; "C" Club, '32-'33; Football Squad, '31-'33; Football Letter, '32; Track, '31-'33; Hi-Y, '31-'33.

'Round Curtis is found such a cheery atmosphere
We're really quite glad to have had him here.

### May Louise Smith

Girls' Glee Club, '30-'33; Players Club, '32-'33; The Chain Typist, '31-'33.

Always late—work never done,
Still Mary Lou is full of fun.

### Merle Clark Southall

Football Squad, '31-'33; Football Letter, '32; "C" Club, '32-'33.

In football Merle will always shine,
Much he'll be missed in next year's line.

### Allan Noah Spitzer

H. L. S., '29-'31; M. L. S., '32-'33; Football, '30-'33; Junior Football, '31; Student Council, '32; Basketball, '30-'33; Junior Basketball, '30-'32; Boys' Hi-Y, '32-'33.

Bruno and Spitzer make a pair
Who are seen together everywhere.

## Sterling Lee Stahl

Football, '30-'31; Basketball, '30-'31.

A happy somebody, frowning on none
To be with Lee is lots of fun.

## William Houston Stallings

Football letters in '30-'31; Boys' Hi-Y, '30; M. L. S., 30; Vice-President Senior Class; G. A. A. Board, '32-'33.

Bill's quiet at school but giddy at dances,
For there he whirls with Emma Frances.

## Bernice Marshall Stulting

Sober, quiet, pensive and demure
Bernice is a friend of whom you are sure.

## Hugh Leander Sulfridge, Jr.

Football, '32-'33; Football Letter, '32; Hi-Y, '30-'31, '31-'32, '32-'33; Glee Club, '31-'32; "C" Club, '32-'33; Student Council, '32-'33.

Altho his tasks he does not shirk
Hugh's learned that resting is a part of work.

## Emma Frances Swindler

Secretary of Junior Class, '30-'31; M. L. S., '30-'31, '31-'32, '32-'33, President, '32-'33; Players' Club, '30-'31, '31-'32, Vice-President, '32-'33; Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'32, '32-'33; Girls' Glee Club, '31-'32, '32-'33; Literary Editor *Bumble Bee*, '32-'33.

To her talents versatile the fates did so contrive,
To add the touch of genius that brings her work alive.

## Joan Eileen Thompson

M. L. S., '32-'33.

Joan has red hair and laughing eyes
With a will that is firm unto the skies.

### Emma King Tucker

Girls' Hi-Y, '31-'33; Girls' Glee Club, '30-'33.

When Emma King was born, the signs were all auspicious;
To her high ambition may Heaven be propitious!

### Alice Elizabeth Vest

Few are so steadfast as Alice Vest;
In disposition she is blessed.

### Helen Joyce Vest

Joyce has a faculty that will wear—
A gift for living that's all too rare.

### Irene Weisbrod

Though Irene is a quiet soul
She always makes the honor roll.

### Elizabeth Macon Wilkerson

From her you'll never hear a noise—
This little girl has lots of poise.

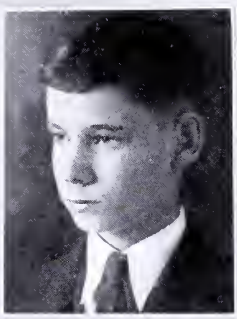
### Eleanor Heidt Williams

To see her frown is very rare;
She never seems to have a care.

## Martha Elizabeth Williams

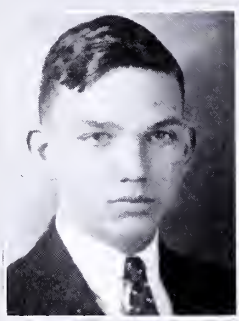
Girls' Glee Club, '30-'33; Players' Club, '30-'33; M. L. S., '30-'33; Club Reporter *Midway Student*; Joke Editor The Chain.

When Elizabeth gets into a wisecracking notion
Her mouth is always in perpetual motion.



## Charles Kellogg Windes

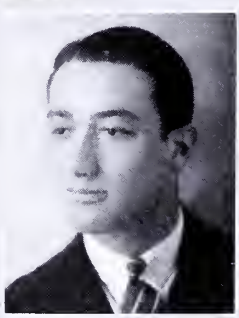
His future now is unexpressed—
We leave his greatness to be guessed.



## Blake Baker Woodson

M. L. S., '29-'31, Treasurer, '31-'32, Secretary, '32-'33; Reporter *Midway Student*, '31-'32, News Editor *Midway Student*, '32-'33; Treasurer Players' Club, '31-'32; Boys' Glee Club, '31-'32; Student Council, '31; Editor-in-Chief The Chain; Editor-in-Chief *Bumble Bee*.

As true as in days when swords were bright
'Round Arthur's table—"A very gentil parfit knight."



## Daniel Yuter

Boys' Glee Club, '30-'33; M. L. S., '30-'33; School Orchestra, '29-'33; Cheer Leader, '29-'33; Boys' Hi-Y, '31-'33; "C" Club, '31-'33; Secretary, '32-'33; Sport Editor The Chain, '32-'33; Football Letter, '30-'32; Basketball Letter, '30-'32; Track Squad, '29-'30; Track Letters, '30-'31; Basketball Squad, '32-'33; Baseball Squad, '31-'32.

Dan's a musician and an actor of parts;
He's an athlete, too, and a breaker of hearts.

# *History of the Class of '33*

AGNES RAMSEY

THE Technocratic Union of '33 has come from two main factories, Venable and Midway. The three hundred members met for the first time in 1929 to elect officers. The meeting was chaotic, despite the fact that our recent promotion should have increased our dignity. Claude Robertson and Frances Breeden were chosen president and vice-president, respectively; Mike Williams was selected secretary and treasurer. Our biggest event that year was the Freshman skit for Book Week.

When September of 1930 brought us back to Lane after the three months of vacation that some forgotten group of scholarly Technocrats had gained by seizure innumerable years ago, we had become familiarized with our working mates, instructors, and the general regulations. We realized that certain channels of traffic were to be followed in going from one working room to another. We could complacently hear our new general manager, Mr. Sulfridge, deliver the traditional Freshman welcome. We could be condescending to our new fellow-workers, the Freshmen. The union meeting this year was more orderly. We elected J. Y. Brown, president, Jimmie Maupin, vice-president, Eleanor Burch, secretary, and Anne Lacy, treasurer. The Sophomore scene from "Penrod" in Book Week assembly took the award and we felt justly proud that our histronic ability surpassed that of the haughty Juniors and Seniors.

Jeanette Petty was president of our Junior Union; Charles Evans, vice-president. Marjory Murch was our secretary and Fendol Carter, our treasurer. The real event of the first few months was the burial of Harrisonburg's goat. The grandstands emptied as the employees of Lane rallied around the horse-drawn hearse. A more joyous funeral there never was. The Union presented "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." Amid the hilarious reception of the audience, the judges decided we best deserved the poster award. In April the Juniors and Seniors went to Washington. Such a trip! We visited this, that, and the other until we almost expired from exhaustion. The solemnity surrounding the graduation gave us opportunity to remember that soon we, too, would be turned out into the world, "for better or for worse."

And now that we are Seniors, the old factory seems a protecting shadow against the future. We have tried to pack into these last nine months all those things which make pleasant memories. At the beginning of the school year we elected Union officers. The publication staff was appointed. Plans for a Junior-Senior prom were discussed and in February the prom was initiated successfully. A few weeks later the Juniors and Seniors went to Washington. Senior rings, invitations, the Baccalaureate sermon, Player's Club play, and other events have starred this year's calendar.

Perhaps we may have some extraordinary occasion to recall our activities here; if so, our chief thought will be, "Thank you, Lane!"

# *A Page from the Diary of Robert Goldsten as Recorded by James H. Logan*

AUGUST 15, 1943

"TODAY Jimmie and I saw the fulfillment of our dreams when we completed our audiovisor, the result of eight years of hard work. At exactly three-ten the last screw was tightened and the last wire connected. We stepped back with a sigh of satisfaction and surveyed our curious looking brain-child. Resembling a long cannon more than anything else, it contained a sheet of that peculiar metal known as Z, which acted in the capacity of fuel. Before that was a bank of vacuum tubes, from which ran several thousand wires to various parts of the machine. Only by using the detailed drawing was it possible for us to ascertain the purpose of each wire.

For awhile we said nothing. In a few minutes we would connect the 'visor to our powerful generators and we would know whether or not our work had been in vain. If the machine was successful, we would be able to view and hear anything in the world we wished to by merely turning and aiming our instrument. We had discovered an alloy of metals, which when acted upon by great amounts of electricity, broke up into a gas that had the strange power of sending an invisible ray of reflected power out into space. We had found that the ray penetrated all materials known to mankind and allowed anyone at the source of the ray to see and hear what the opposite end of the ray was touching or passing through. The direction of the ray was determined by pivoting the whole machine, a turn of one-eighth of an inch causing a swing of one hundred miles for the end of the ray. Where the beam originated we had installed a large viewing screen and audition apparatus. Having finished this, we professed to be ready to give our machine a trial.

I suggested that we should first view Niagara Falls and Jimmie agreeing, we switched on the current, watched the tubes begin to glow, fed the machine enough Z to send the ray the necessary number of miles, turned the instrument until the mouth pointed in the right direction, and waited. In a few moments a faint mistiness appeared on the screen. The scene cleared and we gazed dumbfoundedly at a small shack built near the base of the Falls, with a sign which proclaimed that two members of our '33 graduating class of Lane High, Isabel Coston and Lois Herring had hot dogs for sale.

Having discovered what two members of our graduating class were doing ten years after, we decided to satisfy our curiosity and determine what the other graduates were doing by searching them out with our ray. It took us several weeks to complete the job, but the results were satisfying.

We found Louise Clarke as general manageress of "Texas" Guinan's night club, where the music is furnished by Dan Yuter's orchestra, and additional entertainment is afforded by Mattie Perkins, the "blues singer."

While in New York we viewed the new Madison Square Garden and saw Clinton Boze win the Paperweight Boxing Championship, after which we attended, by means of the ray, a production of the Theatre Guild, where we saw Kitty O'Brien in the leading role of "The Perils of Pauline." She was supported by Frances Grant in the part of Cecelia, the maid, and Barbara Bailey as an ingenue lead. We later learned that Eleanor Burch wrote the play. During the intermission we were entertained by Aleata Gibson at the console organ.

Leaving New York, via the Hudson, we followed Stanley House's Showboat, on which Irene Weisbrod is engaged as an entertainer. At Lake Sewasewa, where we viewed the 1943 Winter Olympics, we saw Joan Thompson, America's Champion Skater. Among the spectators at this event were Alma Parr and Virginia Minter, celebrated Follies' dancers. When we picked them up with the ray they were talking to Neva Blakey, who inherited a fortune and is traveling. Later in the same day we found Betty Mitchell and Margaret Norvelle, still at their old pastime of "flirting" with athletes.

In the World-Wide Broadcasting Station we discovered Hartwell Clark and Harrison Faulkner, who were in charge of the televising. Between the events Frances Clarke and Elizabeth Williams entertained the raido public respectively with style revues and comedy acts.

In the American cheering section we saw cheer leader, Helen Ballard, leading the Vassar section, which was chaperoned by Boyd Hoffer.

Leaving the Olympics we switched the beam to Chicago, where we interviewed the Literary Editor of *Collier's*, Mr. Landon Maddex. We followed him to dinner at the largest beer garden in the city, run by Ernest Mitchell and Whitton Morse, where we viewed John E. Shepherd, III, Hudson Cole, and Rebecca Miller, photographer, editor, and artist, respectively, of *Ballyhoo Magazine*. At lunch we noticed that the pickles served were made by the Spitzer-Stahl Pickle Factory. In a secluded corner of the garden we found George Parker eating pretzels and studying Lacy's Night Course in Chemistry. Across the table from him sat Ethel Gay working on the manuscript for her "History of Mankind."

In viewing Chicago, we saw the Model Orphanage for Red-Headed Children, run by Charles Evans and Jeannette Petty. Adeline Duke and her husband, a former Lane athlete, were visiting them for the week-end.

At this time we decided to journey South to Charlottesville. Our first visit here was of course to Lane High School, in the office of which, Constance Campbell now reigns supreme as secretary. At a teacher's meeting that afternoon we saw Elizabeth Gagas, Supervisor of Curriculum, and Anne Quisenberry, Latin Instructoress.

The following evening we attended, by means of the ray, a dinner given for our friends, Ed Hopkinson, the artist, and Blake Baker Woodson, a prominent member of the Albemarle Bar. They dined at the Charlottesville Branch of Child's Restaurant, which is managed by Emma King Tucker. After this, they and their friends visited the Stumble In-Stagger Out Cabaret, run by Louise Coffey, where Agnes Ramsey and the Vest sisters act as professional hostesses, and Elizabeth Robinson and Clara Rogers are taxi-dancers. While there we heard a radio television program from the local station by Elizabeth Wilkerson and Eleanor Williams, the famed comedy team. Switching the beam to the lobby of the cabaret we found those three famous gigolos, Fred Disque, J. Y. Brown, and Nelson Coward.

Among the patrons there that night were many former Charlottesville debutantes, dressed in gowns from Rhea Miller's Shoppe. Martha Coulter, Virginia's only feminine undertaker, was accompanied by Heinz's Ketchup Drummer, Bill Stallings. Maxine Houchens, Covesville's "fashion plate," was seen in the company of the chief dissenter of the Ivy Depot Board of Aldermen, William Carrington Jones.

With the ray, the following morning, we read the daily paper and learned that Graydon Garrette, the rising army officer, was on a hiking tour of the Blue Ridge Mountains, accompanied by Carter Graves, professional guide, that Frances Breeden had married, and that Virginia Clarke was living at home. In the advertisements we read of the following: Lucy Baylor's Conservatory of Music at Afton; Lucille Bragg, Pauline Davis, and Jessie Cowles, public stenographers; Vernon Quarles' Goldfish Hatchery; and Violet Stribbling's Chicken Farm.

While sending the ray down the street that afternoon, we were attracted by a large crowd in front of Margaret Hulvey's Furniture Store, where we found "Sleepy" Sulfridge in the window demonstrating Beauty Rest Mattresses. In the crowd we also picked up Curtis Smith and Merle Southall, coaches of L. H. S. Feminine Football Team; Charles Windes, night watchman for the local radio station; Emma Frances Swindler, secret service investigator; Phoebe Anne Ogilvie, still seeking THAT man; and Gertrude Gitchell, home from Red Cross duty in the Chinese Army.

By listening in with the reflective beam we learned from conversations that Bernice Stulting is the White Queen of the Island of Bombulli, where she first went as a missionary, that Clara Odle, Mary Jane Miller, and Lucy Miller are operating a nation-wide chain of beauty parlors, and that Louise Keister is posing in costume pictures for Fatima cigarettes.

And so ended our first work with the audiovisor. It brought in no financial gain but a great deal of pleasure. Our time and trouble will be well repaid, however, for we leave tomorrow for Washington, where we will sell the apparatus and its plans to the government."

# *Class Will*

ROBERT E. GOLDSTEN

WE, the Senior Class of 1933 of Lane High School of Charlottesville in the County of Albemarle and the State of Virginia do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament, in manner and form following:

I. We give and bequeath our many privileges and our place of esteem to the Senior Class of 1934.

II. To our newly-wed teacher and to those who will soon be wed it is our earnest desire that they shall find with their husbands great happiness until death do them part.

III. To our beloved Sponsor Miss Sylvia Horwitz we leave another History IV class full of rabbits (dumb bunnies).

IV. We bequeath to Mrs. Peter Woodward Allen Raine—neé Virginia Moore another French class who will enjoy a complete course in the trials and tribulations of teaching school in Dillwyn, Virginia.

V. We leave to our most considerate principal and golf coach a group of coming Bobby Joneses who will be able to win the Woodberry Golf Tournament.

VI. We bequeath to our beloved superintendent Dr. James J. Johnson a budget that balances.

VII. To our beloved Mathematics IV teacher, Haswell Hunter Walker, we bequeath an algebra class with a thorough knowledge of elementary school arithmetic.

VIII. We authorize our executor hereinafter named, to give Clarence John Martin Blume an English IV class which will not disturb the said C. J. M. Blume's reading of English poetry during the class period.

IX. It is our desire that the residue of our estate be equally divided among the members of the faculty not aforementioned in this will.

X. Each of the graduates listed below wish to bequeath his own personal qualities:

A. Stanley House's gentlemanlylike conduct is left by the said Stanley House to Richard Gilbert.

B. James Logan leaves his ability with the pen and tongue to be distributed among the students of Mr. Blume's IV B English class.

C. Adeline Duke bequeaths her ability to keep masculine friends among the students of Charlottesville School for Boys as well as among the students of L. H. S. to Adele Landau.

D. Elizabeth Gagas does hereby give her ability to master the curriculum at L. H. S. with the greatest ease to Edith Bishop.

E. Frances Clarke leaves "her Ben" to the girls of L. H. S. to fight over.

F. Nelson Coward authorizes the delivery of his get-rich-quick schemes to Joseph C. Massey.

G. Hartwell Pattison Clark does hereby bequeath his musical ability in addition to his great liking of the "fair sex" to Winston Armentrout.

H. Margaret Hulvey leave her beauty to the many members of the 1934 Senior Class who aspire to it.

I. Rebecca Miller herein directs that her artistic ability be left to Anne Lacy.

J. Kitty O'Brien bequeaths her journalistic ability to the staff of the *Midway Student*.

K. Hudson Cole asks that his great knowledge of "affairs about town" be left to Harold Glascock.

L. Charles Evans leaves his ability to stick with one girl to Ashton Miller.

M. Harrison Faulkner hereby bequeaths his ability to keep his weight down to A. T. Dulaney and Porter Graves.

N. William C. Jones directs that his ability to play in the backfield be left to the 1933 football team.

O. Jury Yates Brown bequeaths his unforgettable laugh to Sandy Smith.

P. Louise Keister authorizes the bequest of her many erstwhile boy friends to those girls who may need and desire them.

Q. Ernest R. Mitchell bequeaths his derby to Richard Robinson.

R. Whitton Morse directs that his best-all-around way to be given to Phillip Markwood.

S. John E. Shepherd, III, leaves his title as the smallest senior to Leo Smith.

T. Constance Campbell wishes her post in the office to be filled by whomsoever Miss Bolen chooses.

U. It is the wish of Helen Ballard that her air of silence be given jointly to Roger Pugh and Howald Bailey.

V. Boyd Hoffer bequeaths his continual liking for Freshman girls to Franklin Davis.

W. Hugh Sulfridge, Jr., leaves his eternal drowsiness to Hollis Fitch.

X. B. B. Woodson gives his literary abilities to A. J. Short.

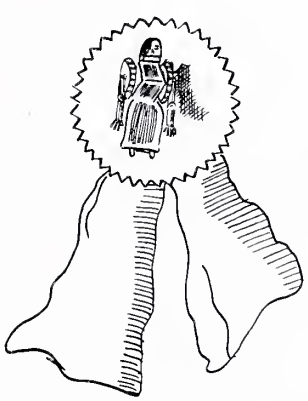
Y. Daniel Yuter wishes his abilities with the violin to be left to Howald Bailey.

Z. Martha Coulter leaves her position as the Senior Pest to whomsoever may desire it.

XI. We hereby revoke all former or other wills and testamentatory dispositions by us at any time heretofore made.

XII. We hereby appoint Bruno to serve in the capacity of the sole executor of this will.

In witness thereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and seal at Lane High School in the City of Charlottesville, in the County of Albemarle in the State of Virginia.



Robert E. Goldsten, Testator Class of 1933.

Witnesses with their addresses

Naomi Skeppa, Prof. of Music, Univ. of R.I.

E. R. Riedel, Dr. of Figures, Univ. of R.I.

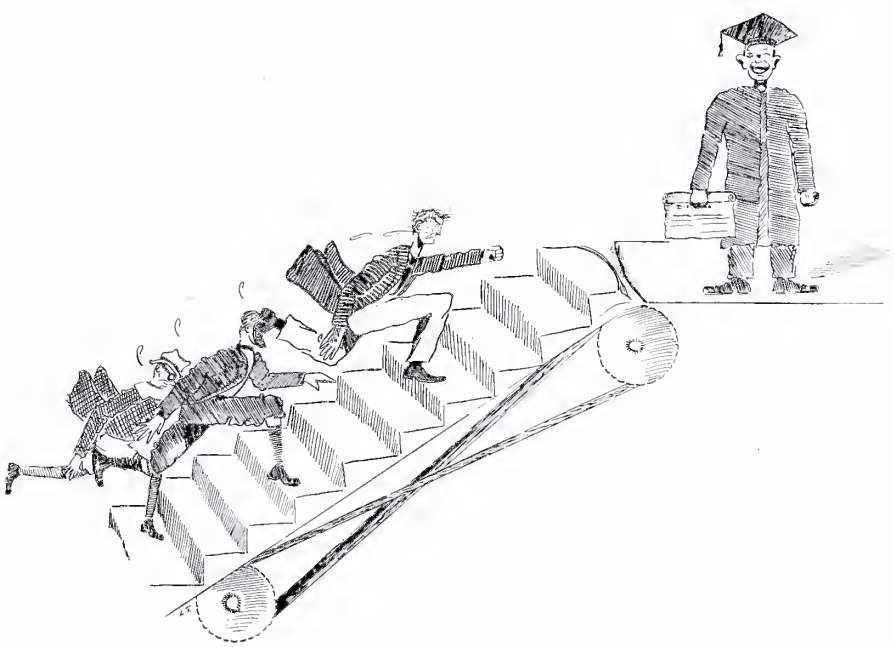
Hugh Sulfridge, Professor of Zoology
College of Vinegar Hill

# *School, the Escalator*

ELEANOR QUARLES, '34

*This modern age,*
*A wise old sage,*
*Now finds that school is all the rage;*
*With sweat and brain,*
*With might and main,*
*The never ceasing, struggling train*
*Of youth abound—*
*Twirls 'round and 'round*
*Until they all are finely ground*
*In hope and rules,*
*In love and tools.*
*These products of our modern schools—*
*The Freshmen quake*
*And back seats take*
*And stand all jeers for wisdom's sake;*
*The Sophics climb,*
*And bide their time,*
*Until they reach that higher clime*
*Where Juniors work;*
*They dare not shirk*
*Though pleasures all around them lurk—*
*They know next year*
*Reward is dear;*
*At under classmen then they'll jeer;*
*They'll Seniors be*
*With a degree*
*At least, of wisdom, you can see.*
*With toil and strife,*
*Perhaps a wife—*
*They'll board that escalator, Life.*

# CLASSES



JUNIOR CLASS

# *Class of 1934*

ALFRED ARUNDALE.....*President*
LEO SMITH.....*Vice President*
NEVILLE WOOD.....*Secretary*
JULIAN SOUDER.....*Treasurer*
MR. H. H. WALKER.....*Sponsor*

CLASS ROLL

Florence Allen
Jack Alwood
Eddie Bell Andrews
Winston Armentrout
Alfred Arundale
Howald Bailey
Lora Beazley
Dorothy Beck
Herman Bickers
Edith Bishop
Raymond Bishop
Daniel Black
Ethel Blankinship
Hope Bowen
Alonza Bragg
Margaret Burgess
Mildred Burgess
Ada Lee Catterton
Johnny Finks Catterton
Florence Clarke
Dan Francis Clarke
Margaret Clibourne
Ellen Coleman
Virginia Coleman
Billy Combs
Stella Critzer
Virginia Dabney
Franklin Davis
Thelma Davis
John Dawson
Rea Digges
Donald Dollens
Gladys Duff
A. T. Dulaney
Jewel Duncan
Helen Dunsmore
Josephine Eades
Dorothy Easton
Raymond Edwards
Esther Elliott
Helen Elliott
Hollis Fitch
Randolph French
Dorothy Gay
Lilian Gay
Evelyn Gibson
Richard Gilbert
Harold Glascock
Altha Glover
Cornelia Graves
Porter Graves
Abner Haden
Eleanor Hall
Stella Hamm
Doris Harlan
Carl Hart
Joyce Hawkins
Ruby Hawkins
Earline Honeycutt
Marguerite Houchens
Wanda Irving
Evelyn Johnson
Willie Johnson
Louise Johnson
William B. Jones
Margaret Kase
Alice Keel
Jean Kennon
Jean Klise
Anne Lacy
Goldie LaForce
Adele Landau
Raymond Lang
Elizabeth Leake
Elizabeth Lee
Ruth McAlexander
Tim McCue
Charlotte McLean
Lilyan McClung
Ashby McMullen
Annie Marion
John Markell
Philip Markwood
Hildred Marshall
Thelma Marshall
Joe Massey
Ernest Matacia
Jimmy Maupin
Elberta Maxwell
Ben Miller
Mary Elizabeth Minor
Jerome Moore
Helen Morrison
Mac Moyer
James Mundy
Elizabeth Nalley
Frances Neale
Everette Norford
Helen Odle
Carrie Parr
William Payne
Ruth Peterson
Bradley Peyton
Ruby Powell
Roger Pugh
Eleanor Quarles
Ruby Ramsey
Ruth Ramsey
Mary Rea
Helen Ricks
Richard Robinson
Virginia Robinson
Helen Rosenblatt
Eleanor Ross
Cecil Runkle
A. J. Short
Augusta Smith
Clarice Smith
Frances Smith
Gertrude Smith
Julia Smith
Katherine Smith
Leo Smith
Myrtle Smith
Sandy Smith
Julian Souder
Charles Sours
Howard Stahl
Jack Tatem
Oswald Taylor
Bernard Terrill
Bernard Thacker
Evelyn Thacker
Lawrence Theimer
Helen Thomas
Anne Thompson
Edward Thompson
Elizabeth Travis
Carl Updike
Waddell Updike
Virginia Utz
Elizabeth Vaughan
Manly Wade
Louise Ward
Garth Wheeler
James Wiebel
Sears Williams
Charles Worthington
Neville Wood
Raye Zfass

SOPHOMORE CLASS

# *Class of 1935*

OFFICERS

Joe Disque.....*President*
Woodie Poss.....*Vice President*
Earl Barnett.....*Secretary*
Madelyne Borden.....*Treasurer*
Miss Winona Johnston.....*Sponsor*

CLASS ROLL

Roscoe Adams
Margaret Alwood
Billy Archer
Helen Bailey
Maxine Barnett
Dorothy Baugh
Franklin Beddow
Louis Bennett
Emma Mae Bibb
Walter Bickers
Hugh Birckhead
Charles Bishop
Elma Bishop
Madelyne Borden
Maurice Bray
Charles Brown
Frank Bunting
Eugene Caffey
Claude Carmichael
Helen Carter
Sally Lee Carter
Katherine Carver
Edythe Cash
Glovena Cason
Goldie Chiles
Florence Chisholm
Eugenie Christian
James Clarity
Dennis Clarke
James Clarke
Evelyn Coffey
Martha Colcock
Carter Cole
John Coleman
Marie Couturier
Walter Couturier
Helen Cowles
Clara Critzer
Virginia Lee Croissant
Hugh Danner
Elsie Davis
Mamie Davis
William Dawson
Lena Dinges
Sarah Dinwiddie
Joe Disque
Clair Dollins
Calvin Doner
Jane Doner
Evelyn Dowell
Ruth Dudley
Albert Dulaney
George Durrer
Dolores Ellington
Hazel Ellington
Fannie Mae Elliott
Garland Elliott
Myrtle French
George Gajigianis
James Garth
Willard Geer
Harvey Gibson
Laura Gitchell
Madeline Glass
Robert Glover
Myrtie Graves
Katherine Greaver
Claude Haggard
Gilmer Hall
Peyton Harris
Virginia Harris
Ed Hase
Laurence Hawkins
Nancy Herr
Fannie Hogan
Clyde Holloway
Ivan Huffman
Edwin Hutter
Sue Irving
Maxine Jenkins
Elmer Johnson
Elizabeth Kaufman
Mary Kieffer
Douglas Kincaid
Bertha Landau
John Leake
Philip Leake
Nancy Gray Lee
Helen Maddex
Jack Manahan
Fred Martin
Doris Maupin
William E. Maupin
Gertie Mawyer
Kenneth Maxcy
Ashton Miller
Eugenia Miller
Margaret Lewis Miller
Charles Mitchell
Stanley Mooney
Marie Moore
Charlie Page
Gus Pappas
Kate Perley
Beulah Perkins
Herbert Perkins
Lena Perry
Katherine Pologruto
Ethel Ponton
Eugene Porter
Woodrow Poss
Kathleen Pritchett
Louis Proffit
Grace Ricks
Robert Ricthie
Carden Robinson
Marie Robinson
Josephine Robinson
Perrin Shaw
Stuart Shelton
Alice Smith
William Smithey
Truman Southall
Andrew Southworth
Meredith Stevens
Mildred Stockton
Bertha Stoneburner
Mildred Stoneburner
Dan Taylor
Martha Taylor
Lancelot Taylor
Ruth Taylor
Warner Taylor
Virginia Thomas
Rudolph Tomlin
Dorothy Towsey
Brent Tozzer
Wilmer Vanderberg
William Van Lear
Bernice Vest
Louise Wade
Donald Walters
Josephine Walton
Howard Wilkerson
Ida Williams
Sears Williams
Elizabeth Wilson
Eugene Wingfield
Elizabeth Womack
Dorothy Wood
Kathleen Wood
Louise Wood
George Woodward
Robert Wyne
James Young

FRESHMAN CLASS

# *Class of 1936*

OFFICERS

DOUGLAS FIFE ..... *President* JAMES MATACIA ..... *Secretary*
WALLACE TREVILLIAN ..... *Vice President* BETTY LACY ..... *Treasurer*
MRS. E. O. MCCUE, JR. ..... *Sponsor*

CLASS ROLL

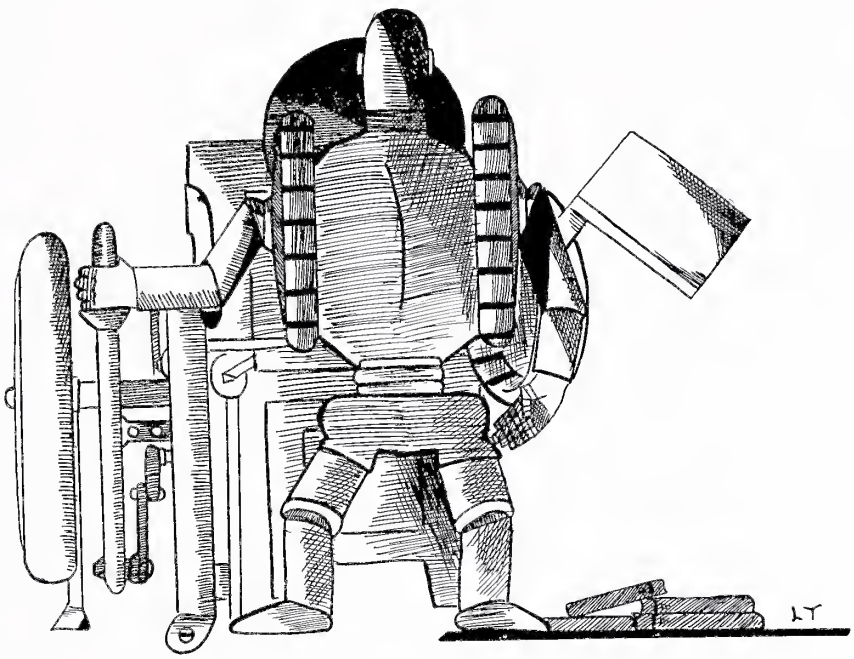
Jane Adams
Robert Agee
Warren Armentrout
Richard Baird
Carl Barnett
Gertrude Barnett
Lorraine Beck
Fred Bender
Lola Bias
Douglas Bibb
Irma Bibb
Maurice Bibb
Gertrude Bishop
Ruth Bishop
Velma Boaz
Maxcy Boughan
John Bragg
Dorothy Breeden
Margaret Britton
Everett Brown
Stratton Brown
Harry Browning
Floyd Buck
Arthur Bunch
Fred Burch
Gene Burrage
Harrie Carpenter
Jacqueline Carter
James Carter
John Lewis Carter
Pittman Carter
Lonnie Cash
Loyd Charlie
Ernestine Chiles
Virginia Chiles
Robbie Chisholm
Charles Clarke
John Clarke
Alice Cochran
Elizabeth Coffey
Elizabeth Coleman
Henry Collier
Annie Connock
Mary W. Crockett
Louise Daniel
LaZena Davis
Carl Deane
Robert Deane
Harry Dollens
Cleveland Doner
Ruby Dudley
Mildred Durham
Louis Dymond
Nellie Early
Phyllis Early
Edna Easton
Mabel Easton
William Ellinger
Maxine Ellington
Margaret Eversole
Louise Ewell
Maxine Farish
Nellie Farish
Rebecca Farrish
Katherine Fastner
Tula Fekas
Josephine Ferland
Dorothy Feuchtenberger
Douglas Fife
Lilian Finch
John Fitch
Hilda Forloines
Jack Fout
Arline Franks
Angelia Gajigianis
Virginia Gardner
Elizabeth Garner
Bessie Gay
Frances Gay
Douglas Gibson
Dorothy Giles
Lloyd Giles
Frances Gillum
Margaret Gillum
Marion Glasgo
Harry Gleason
Mary Ellen Glover
Dixie Golladay
Sue Hannah Gooch
Clarence Goodyear
Cynthia Graves
Ralph Graves
Evelyn Grissinger
Billy Haden
Margaret Haden
Dorothy Hahn
Earl Hale
Sankey Hall
George Hamm
Louis Harlan
Lloyd Harlow
Jack Harnsberger
Raymond Harris
Frank Hartman
Robert Hartman
Keen Hawkins
Edith Heermance
Charles Henshaw
Philip Henshaw
Marjorie Herring
Frank Higgins
Doris Hildebrand
Lelia Hildebrand
Ernest Hill
George Hill
Edith Honeycutt
Everett Huckstep
John Hundley
Harry James
Roe Jarman
Nancy Jefferies
Mary Johnson
Beverley Jones
Jack Jones
Randolph Jones
Virginia Kase
Elizabeth Kent
Laura King
Margaret King
Ophelia King
Shuey King
Earl Kirby
Betty Lacy
Lester Lacy
Isabella Lanahan
Estelle Lanahan
Evelyn Lasley
Anna Lawrence
Fontaine Leake
Frances Lee
Lucy Belle Linton
Ruth Lynch
Nellie Maddex
William Maddex
Virginia Mansfield
Cecelia Marshall
Doris Marshall
Edith Marshall
Ruby Marshall
Fred Martin
Roger Massie
James Matacia
Oscar Maupin
Louise Maxwell
Harry Michael
Lois Miller
Mary Moore
Douglas Morris
Agnes Moyer
Franklin Muse
Thomas Nalley
Polly Noble
Virginia Nuss
Jean Odendhal
Ernest Oglesby
Carline Overman
Catherine Payne
Russel Payne
Canova Peterson
Joseph Peterson
Katherine Pierce
Janet Pond
William Porter
Wesley Powell
Robert Preddy
Fay Purvis
Louise Ramsey
Cecil Reed
Frances Reichman
Evelyn Rhodes
Catherine Roberts
Margaret Robinson
Sclater Sadler
Marvin Sandridge
Mildred Savage
George Scruggs
Randolph Shiflette
Jane Smith
Emily Smith
Natalie Smith
Pharez Smith
Bill Snavely
John Lewis Sneed
Holt Souder
Marvin Sours
Kenneth Southall
Louise Southworth
Henry Spicer
Irma Sprouse
Harry Stahl
Chester Stokes
Hubert Taylor
Gail Taylor
John Taylor
Marion Taylor
Susan Taylor
Earl Thacker
Franklin Thacker
Claudia Thomas
George Thomas
Helen Thomas
Josephine Thomas
Mae Thomas
Myrtle Thomas
Fraser Thompson
Henry Tomlin
Wallace Trevillian
Arthur Tuthill
Estelle Updike
Evelyn Updike
Louise Utz
Cecelia Valentine
Ruth Valentine
Ann Van Doren
Louis Van Lear
Mary Wade
Beverly Walker
Josephine Walker
Margaret Walker
Virginia Walker
Herbert Watson
Carter Weisiger
Joe Wheeler
Alice Whitlock
Mildred Wiant
Margaret Wingo
Arthur Wood
Ray Woodard
Frances Wyne
Carson Young
Geneva Young
Phyllis Young
Miriam Yuter
Pauline Zang
Ida Zimmerman

# *Class of 1936*

CLASS ROLL

Mary Armstrong
Eugene Beagle
Clyde Bibb
Virginia Brice
Harold Birckhead
C. H. Bishop
Wilson Brooks
Polly Brooks
Amelia Brown
William Brown
Lyndall Bunting
Thomas Calder
Harry Carmichael
Parker Carpenter
Robert Carter
Ezra Cason
Edith Chapple
Robert Clarke
Margaret Coleman
Robert Coleman
Harry Cowles
Lilian Crone
Allen Davis
Waverley Dobbs
Mildred Dollens
Jane Donnelly
Kathleen Dowell
Martha Dudley
Sue Echols
John Frizzell
Mary Fry
Christine Gay
Mary Gay
Addie Lee Geer
Johnnie Geer
Morris Givens
Willie Glass
John Gleason
Frances Hall
Douglas Hamm
Mary Ellen Hoge
James Hughes
E. D. Hundley
Frances Jones
Corbett King
Leslie Lang
Virgil Leake
John Lupton
Geraldine McAlexander
George Marion
Mabel Marres
Dorothy Maupin
Onley Meeks
Doris Melton
Margaret Miller
Katherine Neale
Anna North
Herman Pace
Joseph Pace
Dodie Parr
Ellen Perley
Philip Peyton
John Pierce
Henry Price
Nannie Quick
Frances Quisenberry
Virginia Raines
Ruth Rocke
Wendell Ross
Elizabeth Sampson
Edward Shue
Betty Shumate
Maude Elizabeth Smith
Ola Smith
Hamilton Smithey
John Stulting
Fred Taylor
James Taylor
Sara Thomas
Virginia Tompkins
Willie Tyler
Billy Travis
Edward Walker
Virginia Walker
Wallace Ward
Frances Ward
Dan Wheeler
Reuel Wiebel
Aurelia Wilkins
Elizabeth Yoe

# LITERARY



# *The Lost Treasure*

ELBERTA MAXWELL, '34

IF you are one of those persons who is gifted with a vivid imagination, my tale will appeal to you—but, if you are nervous, please refrain from reading it! ¶In a picturesque, old town in Virginia there stands an antiquated brick house which was built previous to that great war between the North and South. Naturally it has its share of history—nor does it escape its ghost stories.

When the house was a young thing, the town had not been thought of and its surroundings were rich fields—a plantation.

It so happened, as Fate will have things happen, that the owner of the plantation made a pilgrimage to New York City, which was even then rapidly becoming a Mecca for many. Just what his motive was in going I would not venture to say, but, if my imagination does not deceive me, I dare say it was to buy a few supplies, and perchance to learn the latest styles in boots and wigs.

Now while there he met an Englishman who was very accommodating about showing him the "evils" of the city, since he was well acquainted with them. The Christmas holidays were drawing near and the Virginian found it necessary to end his visit and in return for the kindness of the Englishman, he invited him to his Virginia home for the Yuletide. The Englishman accepted, since he very much wished to make his home in the States and thought there might be a possibility of his finding a plantation in Virginia.

The holidays were celebrated, gaily, with much merrymaking. The Englishman, finding a young lady very pleasing to his eye, decided to prolong his visit.

During his stay, the guest gambled a great deal, and it was noticed that the Englishman always carried a little chest around with him when indulging in this hazardous sport, and always paid his debts in coin.

After he had been there about a month he received a letter from England, bearing the news that interests there needed his attention. It was plain that he hated to leave the girl, and, four nights before his departure, their engagement was announced.

The following night proved a terrible one—an electric storm of which the town still talks. It seems that while the guests were merrymaking, he disappeared for a few hours and when he returned keen observers noticed that he was wet and bedraggled.

Two nights later the Englishman said good-bye and journeyed to New York, later sailing to his native soil.

His affairs in England must have absorbed him, for he very seriously neglected his correspondence. Soon his friends in Virginia became quite anxious

as to his welfare. It was not long, however, before they received a letter bearing the news that their friend was very ill and was not expected to live.

In England the poor sufferer was being asked for his "last will and testament." It seemed that he wished only one thing, namely, that a certain letter be mailed to the States to a young lady. This letter contained a diagram as to the whereabouts of the treasure—for surely you must have guessed that there was a treasure and that he buried it in Virginia three nights before he left.

In America his friends had almost begun to live in their accustomed manner again after their great grief, when one day, as if to upset them more, who should burst in but the Englishman. He was greeted rather oddly—more or less as a spectre, but he assured them that by the kindness of God he had been spared.

He was happy upon being reunited with his sweetheart. The girl, stricken with grief over his supposed death, had sought consolation in the admiration of other gallants. But deep in her heart she loved him as much as ever, though she probably did not show it because she had not yet become reconciled to the fact that he still really lived and breathed. He urged her to prepare for a hasty wedding. With a heart full of love she agreed and a happier countenance than hers was nowhere to be seen.

Marriage preparations progressed. One night he casually mentioned that he thought it about time to go out and dig up the treasure. Unable to comprehend, she looked up at him quizzically and when he asked her for the diagram, naturally, she began to question him. Of course he did not understand. His mind still not recovered from his desperate sickness wandered—rather crowded—all in a flash—over all of the time since he had been back—her inattentiveness. Had she found someone else? Was she planning to marry him, dig up the treasure—share it with this creature his imagination had created? This woman to whom he had given his love—what was she? These things preyed upon his mind so that they succeeded in working him into a fit of temporary insanity. He became violent, accusing her—choking her. She screamed—"I didn't tell, oh, I didn't tell"—and kept it up until it was merely a death whisper.

This episode occurred down on the lawn, and her screams were not heard in the house. He ran up to his room without being seen. When she was discovered he feigned great grief. Her death was a mystery—no one ever suspected him.

After this, however, he did not buy his plantation, but spent most of his life wandering about the country.

Once while in Washington a letter that had been in the "Dead Letter Office" for many years was given him by a friend who officiated there. At first it looked foreign to him, but then it dawned upon him that it was identically the same letter or diagram that, those many years before, during his illness, he had sent to his sweetheart, and which held the whereabouts of the treasure.

Bitterly he remembered his horrible crime and, more bitterly still, the death cries of his innocent sweetheart. Impulsively, he snatched the diagram from the

table. He struck a match to the wretched paper, not lifting his eyes until every white scrap was a tiny gray ash. But even the ashes smiled so wickedly at him that he realized he could not continue his earthly life—he must go to her—find her—if he could. Poor wretched soul that he was, he decided to end his earthly torment by a bullet through his brain. He was more than repentant—he had taken upon himself the penalty of his life for hers.

It was too tragic—that romance, but they are together, I am sure, for every night in the picturesque old town in Virginia when there is an electric storm, in the yard of the old red brick house, you can see, if you look, the Englishman walking around searching for the treasure, followed by his sweetheart wailing, "I didn't tell, oh, I didn't tell."

Some narrow-minded people explain that it is only the wind howling and rattling the window panes, but, knowing this tale, I believe it is the lovers. Some even search for the treasure—but not I—somehow, it holds too many memories to try to uncover them. Who knows what other tragedy it might bring?

## *Mother Earth's Housecleaning*

Kathryn Bunting, '33

*Mother Earth chuckled as she calmed the surf,*
*And made the skies still bluer,*
*"Daughter Spring will soon arrive*
*And I must haste to greet her."*

*So down from the roof of the world so high*
*She grasped her broom, Nor'wester;*
*She set him to work that night with a will;*
*And he swept the earth with vigor.*

*Miss Maple, clad in a bright green gown,*
*Madame Oak in her cloak so fine,*
*Felt themselves quite well prepared*
*As they powdered away with a cloud.*

*The violet, crocus, and primrose sweet,*
*Their fragrance gave as perfume.*
*The green grass laughed as it waved in the breeze;*
*It furnished a "bed and room."*

*So just as the newly washed April sun*
*On a bright clean world was dawning,*
*To the song of birds, 'cross a blossoming hill,*
*Came the Daughter, Spring; it was morning.*

# *People Come and People Go - - - and Nothing Ever Happens*

James Logan, '33

ONE who has never lived in an apartment house does not know the thrill of observing the many different kinds of people that live in them and the various things these people will do. In the eleven years I have spent in apartment and duplex houses, where the walls are as thin as paper and sound travels as it would in a tomb, I have had an excellent opportunity to observe and to see just how strange some people are.

Every individual has his own peculiarities, and in an apartment house these are especially noticeable because of the close contact with other people. Also, living in an apartment house causes one to develop certain eccentricities that one would otherwise not have. We shall consider that later. For the time being let us content ourselves with listing the distinct classes to be found in these beehives of abode.

In every apartment house, as elsewhere, can be found certain persons who are uncongenial, contribute nothing to the common peacefulness, and in other ways make themselves disagreeable. This type person usually stays in an apartment house for one year only—the length of his lease. At the end of this time he nearly always moves, either from his own choice, or from request of the management. If he makes himself too disagreeable, and a number of the other tenants complain, he is sometimes asked to leave before the year is completed. Thus, you can see that an apartment house is one place where the majority rules.

Do not confuse the type just mentioned with the kind of person who demands his "money's worth" in service, et cetera. The former is the kind of person who directly violates the apartment regulations by opening his door while cooking so that the savory, nor not so savory, odors may be enjoyed by the other tenants, runs his radio unnecessarily loud after eleven o'clock, and once in a while "skips out" without paying one or more month's rent.

The latter is somewhat similar to the disagreeable type. He differs only in that he believes in co-operating with the apartment house management and has all due respect for his neighbors, but demands the utmost in janitor service, and believes in using all that it is possible to use of heat, lights, and anything else that is furnished, merely because he pays so many dollars per month for his apartment. Both kind are more or less obnoxious.

One class of people that can always be found in apartments is that which believes in and stages wild and drunken parties. These parties are nearly always amusing to the other tenants, but sometimes they too become disagreeable.

About one or two o'clock in the morning, one can often hear strange tales told (by someone who has had "one too many") in a loud voice for all the world to hear. The tales cover such subjects as the broken-hearted suitor, the fisherman who caught two bass at one time, the misfortune of never being lucky, and emphatic denials of being drunk. The parties are far from amusing, however, when the guests begin playing hide and seek on the iron fire escape.

Especially disturbing to sensitive nerves are those people who like to sing. Cooks, all too often, fall in this class, and around six o'clock in the evening twenty or more different renditions of hymns, jazz, and spirituals can be heard in almost any apartment house. The total result reminds one of a radio bringing in two or more stations at once.

Another member of this class is the fiend who takes baths at midnight and vocalizes while doing so. The prayer of all the apartment tenants is that sometime he will receive as good in return.

If the apartment house is of any size at all, one or more hermits will be found within its walls. An apartment house hermit is a person who comes and goes as he pleases, does not know any of his neighbors and does not care to, speaks to no one, attends to his own business, and does not invite anyone to attend to his. Usually the hermit is disliked by the other tenants, merely because they know nothing about him to make them like him.

Every apartment house that has a garage, and most of them do have one, has its garage pest. The pest is never marked by his complaints because he never makes any, but by his car. If one finds a car parked in his space, because the space happens to be nearer the door than the car's assigned space, or if one finds a car parked in the middle of the garage floor blocking the doors, one may put it down as being the work of the pest. Frequent pleas have no effect whatever upon this person, and the pest goes on being the pest.

I have saved the good part for the last. There is one class of tenants who call their apartment home, instead of just a place to sleep. This type is called the "home type." Not every apartment house has one, and very few have over one. If it does have more than one, the other tenants are extremely fortunate, because the home type of person never causes trouble for anyone, is considerate of other people's pleasure and privileges, and co-operates with the apartment management in every way. This type of person is very rare and hard to find, but when found is well worth the search.

In the motion picture "Grand Hotel," Lewis Stone said, "Grand Hotel—people come and people go, and nothing ever happens." I, too, maintain that in an apartment house people come and people go, and nothing ever happens.

# *Spring*

WHITTON MORSE, '33

*The blustry skies are mottled now*
*With grey that dims the blue.*
*The old March wind is rushing round*
*To see what he can do.*

*In spite of Winter's brave attempts*
*To prove he's strong as ever,*
*Doc Sunshine says he's goin' fast—*
*He won't last till warm weather.*

*They say Jack Frost has passed away—*
*The bluebirds told me so.*
*The little flowers laugh in glee*
*At shrinking spots of snow.*

*"I'm free, I'm free," the little brook drawls*
*As it sparkles along its way.*
*The pussy willow shakes her drowsy head*
*And dons her dress of gray.*

*The grass bedecked in Sunday green*
*Delights the greedy cow;*
*The farmer boy shouts happily*
*Behind the biting plow.*

*Of course, I need not tell you—*
*You see it everywhere,*
*But just to wake you up a bit—*
*Say! Spring is in the air!*

# *Giuseppe*

JACK MANAHAN, '35

"There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street
In the City as the sun sinks low."

HOW long Giuseppe and Beppo had been in London, no one knew. In fact, Giuseppe himself could hardly remember when he had first come, and as the years passed the sunny slopes of far away Italy became more and more a fleeting dream which came and went behind his sightless eyes.

An old man was Giuseppe. Standing on the street corner, day after day, he played the organ. Everyone knew Giuseppe, too. And his friends were many, but his constant companion was Beppo. Giuseppe wore an old tattered cloak, but Beppo was outfitted in a little, bright, red jacket; while Giuseppe was old and feeble, Beppo was young and agile.

Each morning the two trudged from their dingy quarters to their corner a few blocks down the street. To kiss his master's hand and dance was Beppo's life, and he was happy. He always had enough to eat, and his master loved him. Beppo loved peanuts. Every day Giuseppe went to the corner store and bought Beppo peanuts.

Giuseppe lived in the slums of London. The streets were dirty, the houses were dirty, and Giuseppe's room was dirty. The tenement building in which he lived was dingy and dusty, and leaned slightly to one side. The ramshackle shutters hung in every direction. In Giuseppe's room there was a long table which evidently had seen better days. There was a chair which leaned on three legs, the other being broken. Suspended from the ceiling was a large cage. This was for Beppo. The door had a knob by which Beppo might enter and leave his "castle."

Giuseppe made a good living off the organ and Beppo. People would pay well to see Beppo dance. Slowly but steadily Giuseppe had saved his money until now he had a heaping hoard of coins. Because he distrusted banks, all his gold he kept in a bag. Hidden under a brick in the fireplace, the money lay.

Since Giuseppe had nothing but Beppo and the money, it was quite natural he should take his money out after each day's work and fondle it. To clink the money and to hear the sound ring of the yellow gold was Giuseppe's delight. It meant to him a little cottage outside of London where he could breathe the fresh air, smell the lilacs in the springtime, feel the warm sunshine, and live out his days with Beppo. It was his fondest dream.

The days passed into months and the months into years. Giuseppe was growing older. No longer did he move with sprightly tread. His hair, once

raven black, had turned as white as snow. His face was tired and he was bent like a reed. The hoard was increasing, and Giuseppe realized that soon his heart's desire could be fulfilled.

On a hot summer's day, Giuseppe and Beppo could have been seen trudging wearily along, worn out with the heat. Up the stairs they came, the silent Beppo and the weak old man. They slept that night, exhausted. The steps creaked. The door opened. Stealthily a hand reached out. It pulled up the brick and took out the black bag.

Chattering wildly, just as the sun rose, Beppo wakened his master. Instinctively Giuseppe groped his way toward the mony. It was not there! There was a sudden twisting in Giuseppe's heart. Then all was black.

* * * * * * * * * *

I think Giuseppe smells the lilacs, and that he and Beppo are happy in the sunshine outside of London. Giuseppe has realized his dream at last.

*"There's a barrel-organ caroling across a golden street*
*In the City as the sun sinks low. ———————*
*Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;*
*Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)"*

# *Night Lights*

Emma Frances Swindler, '33

*I stand among my trees at night.*
*Before me lies a long dark hill*
*On which a hundred crawling lights*
*Press on unceasing, never still.*

*I watch and wonder where they go—*
*Those tiny searching restless beams*
*And honking horns which seem to know*
*My thoughts are only stuff for dreams.*

*But as they fade I am alone,*
*So I look up to spangled skies.*
*A wind-voice says, as pine trees moan,*
*"You have the stars and small fireflies."*

# *Dickens' Characters I Enjoy*

CHARLOTTE MCLEAN, '34

THE characters of Charles Dickens have always been my favorites, perhaps because I became familiar with them so early and have remained so. At the age of nine I knew as much of many of them as I do now, though I doubt whether I enjoyed them as much, for their best points are not evident to a little child. Their endearing characteristic is, I believe, their originality and utter difference from any you have ever known before. Where have you seen, except among the pages of this English author, such people as Quilp, Sally Brass, Sary Gamp, the Fat Boy, Mr. Squeers, Mr. Micawber, and the Kenwigses?

Mr. Pickwick, lovable old gentleman, is generally supposed to be the most enjoyable of all these characters, but I do not find him as appealing as some others. Still, I can sympathize with his breach of promise suit and enjoy his visits to Dingly Dell almost as much as he himself. Neither do I prefer such heroes as David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, and Pip, though I confess that, as a romantic young man, Nicholas Nickelby is not to be despised. But of all, the Fat Boy stands out—that young gentleman who never woke up except to eat, but who stayed awake the one time of his life and overheard the love affair of the elderly maiden aunt. Then Mr. Quilp, the dwarf with the amazing sense of humor, is unforgettable. The scene in which he returns home after an absence of three days, to find his wife and mother-in-law making funeral arrangements for him, and bounces in upon them with a fiendish yell, is priceless.

Then there are characters like Little Nell, Florence Dombey, and Little Dorritt who stir your sympathies and bring realism to the otherwise care-free stories. For the most part, Charles Dickens has overdrawn his tragic creations in an appeal to mankind for the suffering they represent, but these people also stand as kind for the suffering they represent, but these people also stand as characteristic and original. Little Nell is the only one who seems too precocious; you would have greater sympathy for her if she were more human. However, the tragedies of David Copperfield, the Marchioness, and Charley with her little family, are never uninteresting or sugary.

The heroines, Kate Nickelby, Ruth Pinch, and Lucy Manet, are all sweet, charming, and a little usual, but there are outstanding girls and women in plenty. Estella, the woman who led Pip on, Agnes, David's second wife, and Esther Summerson are strong characters, as well as Miss Haversham (who suffered a living death when her bridegroom deserted her) and women of similar lives.

Charles Dickens has given us much by his personifications of people of all kinds, in making us more tolerant of other human beings, in helping us to find beauty and happiness in simple things, and, above all, in inspiring us to be natural and simple, heartily loving one another.

# *"Parachute"*

CECIL RUNKLE, '34

"MY chance will come any time now," thought Jim Barry. ¶No one who knew Jim Barry would have thought that he would do such a thing as he was now planning. Jim Barry, the 4,500-hour transport and stunt pilot, whose name everyone knew for his death-defying stunts and record-breaking flights.

Barry was taking his three hour turn at the wheel of the Bellanca while Joe Miller, his best friend, until about a hundred hours ago, rested.

Harry and Miller had been fast friends since the war from which they both returned "Aces." They had had their quarrels, but no argument or fight could make Barry feel as he felt at this time.

There was a woman in the case—a blonde. Her name was Anna Wallace. Barry had met her at a reception during one of his tours. He was very much "that-way" about her. She was quite fond of him but not as much as he would have liked her to have been. She thought that he was pretty nice and all that sort of thing, but her adoration was in a different circle from what he thought it was. Instead of Barry, she took a fancy to Miller. Of course, Barry thought little or nothing about it, being as broad-minded as he was.

The reason for his present malice, or maybe I should say, the "last straw," was a little incident in the Wireless Room of the Central Airport. There he had seen Anna kissing Miller a tender farewell before what was supposed to be the "record breaking endurance flight of Barry and Miller, famous pilots of War and Peace."

He must get rid of Miller now! "If I could get him out on the 'cat walk.' Then a tight roll, or maybe a quick slip would do it, but he'll wear a 'chute when he works on the motor. I'll fix that though in my next rest period. I wish something would happen to that d—d motor. It's been running good so far, 100 hours on 4 refueling contacts. The men on the ground would never notice. The flight will go to the devil I suppose. No! Let's see. One more contact will keep us up thirty hours. One man can't fly and fill the tanks at the same time; I'll wait until after the next contact, then I can break the record alone.—Hey, Joe, your turn to take 'er."

"O. K. Coming up!" Miller yelled from the Radio Compartment. "Just got a message from the field. Anna sends 'love and good luck'."

" 'Love and good luck,' eh," Barry growled to himself. "I guess he gets the love and I get the good luck. Now to get that 'chute back in the rear without his seeing me."

He reached out and grabbed the 'chute from its place beside another. It was a chest pack type. Miller always used a chest pack. It fitted close and was more compact and less cumbersome when he was working on the motor. There were two which hung side by side behind the Pilot's Compartment. Barry knew that Miller would use this 'chute. They both used it. When one of the two needed one he would just grab the closest to him. This is what he judged Miller would do. He removed the pull ring from the 'chute, then the tube which encased the rip cord. With a small pair of wire clippers he then cut all but two strands of the cable, leaving just enough to hold the ring on; then he replaced the tube and ring.

"Now," he thought, "that will fix it. Just as soon as he pulls that ring the cord will come out and the 'chute will stay packed! I guess I'd better twist this pin here too, to make sure." He took the pliers and bent the release pin which is pulled out by the rip cord. "He couldn't pull it out now even if the cord was O. K.," he surmised.

Miller noticed a nervousness in Barry, but thought it was just the strain. Nevertheless there was a sort of tenseness between them. When the Refuel Ship came up, Miller was still piloting. Barry pulled his helmet and goggles over his head after donning a sheep-lined flying suit and the parachute that hadn't been tampered with. He climbed up to the door in the roof of the big, broad-backed Bellanca to catch the hose dropped by the re-fueler.

After taking on gasoline and oil which would last them through the night, Barry went up to relieve Miller.

Thoughts of all kinds were racing through his brain. "It's getting dark. Now's the time if ever. If I could just get him outside. I could tell them that he lost his grip and fell, or caught his foot in the door as he went out."

But other friends of Miller would hardly believe that he had stubbed his toe in such an ordinary way, after standing on the top wing of a "Jenny" in a loop, or after making breath-taking plane to plane changes, without a 'chute.

Barry's chance came shortly. Two cylinders on the port side were squirting oil. Since Miller was not at the controls it was up to him to fix the trouble. Barry yelled and Miller came up to survey it from the inside. The motor was losing "revs." fast. Quickly he stepped back into the compartment where the equipment was. He grabbed a helmet and goggles, slung on a parachute, picked up a couple of wrenches and stepped out on the "cat walk." Closing the door behind him, he made his way along the narrow four-inch board which ran parallel to the ship from the door to the motor. Miller found use for one of his wrenches on a loose cylinder-head nut. The other he had under his foot. He could not find a place for it, so he laid it on the "cat walk" and held it there with his foot. He heard a loud clanking inside the motor. "Sounds like something's busted inside," he surmised in an instant. He leaned down to get a better look at the trouble.

Inside of the ship Barry's emotions were running wild. He could hardly restrain himself from attempting to get rid of Miller before his "chance" came. Even though the ship was losing power, it still had enough power for him to roll it.

"I'll throw him off if I have to put the damn thing in a spin," Barry gritted. "Now! He's bent down with only a handhold on that step." All this he saw in a split second.

Miller grabbed wildly for something to hang on to as his grasp was torn from the step, but he grasped thin air.

Barry was raving like a maniac. "That'll teach him! He won't play around with any more women o' mine!" he yelled between gasps.

As Miller left the ship, the wrench flew from under his foot, ripped a four-inch strip of fabric from under the wing, banged back through the tail, breaking two elevator control wires, and lodged there, jamming the elevator control. Barry tried to pull back on the wheel, but could not budge it.

"Damn!" he muttered. The motor emitted a loud explosion and stopped dead. He looked out to see that one of the cylinders had been torn from its fastenings by a broken connecting rod. With the controls jammed and a "conked" motor, the Bellanca went into a tight spin from which Barry could not extricate it.

He left the pilot seat, grabbed the other parachute and climbed into it. He was just about to jump, when he saw a white blob far below. He could barely see it in the light of the setting sun. It was the white mushroom of Miller's parachute. "What! What? Why! The 'chute opened! He's landing! Something went wrong!" Then he looked at the parachute which he was wearing. "Why he used the other 'chute!" he screamed in terror. "This is the fixed one!"

. . . . . Gyrating wildly, hopelessly out of control and wailing like a Banshee, the Bellanca spun faster and faster.

# *The Forest*

CHARLES PAGE, '35

*Behold the woodland!*
*That wonderful product of Nature—*
*God's greatest gift to the earth!*

*The hill, with its slopes*
*Covered with majestic oaks that,*
*Like Atlas, support the universe*
*With uplifted arms;*

*The mountain, carpeted*
*With the tender green of scrub pine,*
*Digging finger-like roots into the thin mantle of the earth,*
*And struggling desperately to keep a foothold*
*In rocky places;*

*And the lowlands, nestling*
*The tender fruit trees of the orchards,*
*Protecting them from the ravages*
*Of Wind and Storm;*

*The shrubs and brambles*
*Brightening the existence of Man,*
*Furnishing food for the lower mammals,*
*Essential to the beauty of life;*

*But more majestic still,*
*The lone pine standing stark and tall,—*
*Its towering head lifted in silent, solemn grandeur.*
*Can not this be the watchpost*
*Of the Lord?*

*Such are the qualities of the forest.*
*As you would live, preserve*
*And protect.*

# *Substituting for Mother*

Helen Ricks, '34

HAVE you ever had the burden of taking your mother's place shifted on your shoulders? When you aren't used to it every day, it is more than your school lessons and temper can stand, and your shoulders sag under the burden after it has been resting there for a few daws.

I know about this because my mother was sick not long ago, and I had to take her place for about a week. In order to get to school in time I had to get up at six-thirty. There was breakfast to be gotten for the family. The bacon, eggs, and toast, or whatever the breakfast menu called for, had to be prepared to suit the tastes of each individual. Then, of course, the sick room tray must be prepared carefully and delivered. Each room must be cleaned and dusted, the school lunches fixed, and, hardest of all, the sisters and brothers must be gotten ready and off to school. At last everything is done, and you have a chance to wash and dress to suit yourself.

At school you must try to keep your mind on your work and try not to be discouraged if the teachers scold you for not knowing your lessons as well as you should. You must also try to keep a straight face when the teachers hand out page after page of work to be learned for the next day. You must plan the evening well enough so that there will be plenty of time for studying, cooking supper, and cleaning up afterwards so that you may go to bed early and rest.

After a few days of this routine, the novelty has worn off and your temper rises to each little thing that comes up. Your sisters add to that spark of temper by being disagreeable and not doing what you tell them to do. You tell one to peel potatoes for supper, another to wash the dishes Father used at lunch, and still another to dust Mother's room before the doctor comes. Then they all try to talk at once, telling you to do it yourself. To top it all, when your temper has reached the highest point, some friend of the family calls and wants to know everything. She offers to help if you need help. You have to calm your temper and very sweetly reply, "Thank you, I am getting along fine," and you want to add "if you would only stop bothering me!" You finally get rid of the woman on the telephone to find that the supper is scorching, and then you burn your fingers trying to mend this. Neighbors come in, and your mother, not knowing whether the house is clean or not, apologizes for its appearance. The neighbor replies that it is lots cleaner than hers. Your temper cools a little at that. Your father praises the food even though it is a little burnt. Your temper is entirely snuffed out, leaving only charred ashes, and you are satisfied that you have at least succeeded.

Joy! Oh! Joy! Mother is at last up and able to take the burden of housekeeping off your shoulders and once more you stand up straight and go your own free way.

# *Dissertation on Fried Chicken*

ADELE LANDAU, '34

GAY, frisky, little chickens, hopping perkily round the yard, little do you dream of the end that awaits you. Yours is a short, happy life. You are destined for great things. For when the tulips bloom in the garden, you will be frying size and then—! But it would be cruel to spoil your joy by dark prophecy.

Let kings have their pheasants and truffles; leave millionaires to their caviar and quail; sophisticates may have their French hors d'oeuvres and their paté de fois gras, but for me—fried chicken. Of all the delicious morsels that ever tickled the palate of a happy gourmet the breast of a young chicken, delicately browned, delicately crisp, is best. It makes one think of early flowers, sunshine, and Sunday dinners.

The time must be about one o'clock on a spring Sunday, when the sun is not too hot. There must be flowers on the table, and a congenial company of old friends is important. The chicken must be juicy and tender, the grease piping hot, and the cook in the proper frame of mind to produce a masterpiece.

Gently lift the chicken, cut in sundry pieces, and plop it down into the frying pan. A lively sputtering, a most tantalizing smell, then we wait, it seems, forever. At last it is pronounced "done to a turn," and at just the right moment is taken from the pan.

Now, oh young chicken, is your destiny fulfilled. We enthrone you on a platter, we surround you with mashed potatoes, we deck you with parsley, we bear you in state to the table, we crown you King, supreme and peerless of all there is to eat!

And I'll take a drumstick!

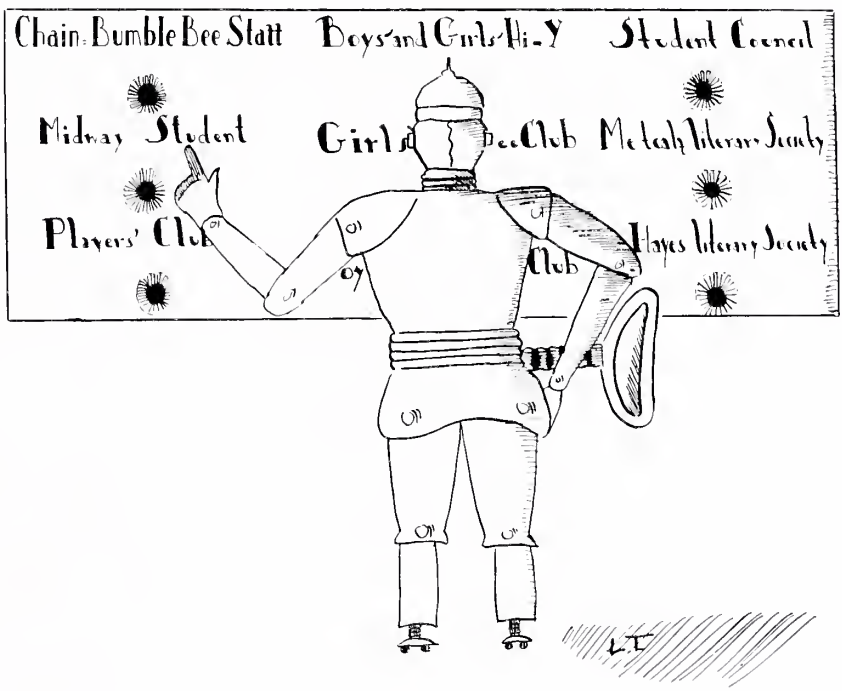
# *Understanding*

EMMA FRANCES SWINDLER, '33

*God speaks in rain and storm and wind*
*My mother used to say to me,*
*She bade me listen to the din*
*And crash of breaking bough and tree.*

*I hear the thunder reach its crest*
*The light'nings snap and crash again*
*And I find saving strength and rest*
*In the sounds of the long, warm rain.*

# ACTIVITIES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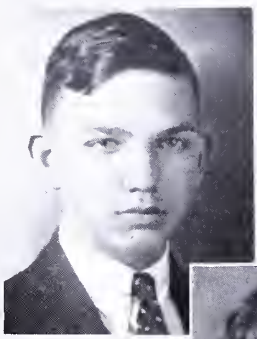
Boys and Girls Hi-Y
Student Council
Midway Student
Girls
Bee Club
Metcalf Literary Society
Players' Club
Club
Hayes Literary Society


WOODSON

GAGAS

THEIMER

GRANT

# *Bumble Bee-Chain*

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Frances Grant ..... *Feature Editor*
Stanley House ..... *Organization Editor*
Hudson Cole and John Shepherd ..... *Photo Editors*

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Mr. E. R. Riedel ..... *Business Adviser*

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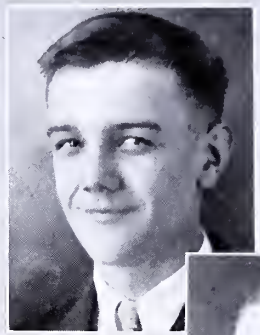
SMITH
EVANS
SHEPPE
BROWN
CLARKE
COWARD
SWINDLER
YUTER
HOUSE
COWLES
COLE
RIEDEL
MILLER
HORWITZ
CHAIN
1933
COSTAN
SHEPHERD
BRAGG
SULFRIDGE

O'BRIEN

QUARLES


BAILEY

LOGAN

# *The Midway Student*

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BEAT CLARENDON
The Mi Student
HAPPY THANKSGIVING
LANE HIGH
IN
AY PARADE
FACULTY BECOME AVIATION ENTHUSIASTS
DR. JOHNSON SPEAKS TO STENOGRAPHY CLASSES
WOODSON
PETTY
HALL
ROSS
SOURS
DISQUE
GRANT
MANAHAN
SULFRIDGE
RIEDEL
JONES
McCUE

# *Metcalf Literary Society*

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BLAKE BAKER WOODSON.....*Secretary*
TEE BLANKINSHIP.....*Treasurer*
MISS LUCY JONES.....*Sponsor*

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Vernon Quarles
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Agnes Ramsey
Bill Snavely
John Sneed
Allan Spitzer
Emma F. Swindler
Marian Taylor
Ann Thompson
Brent Tozzer
Wallace Trevillian
Arthur Tuthill
Mary Wade
Neville Wood
B. B. Woodson
Helen Thomas
Dan Yuter

# *Hayes Literary Society*

OFFICERS

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ROGER PUGH.....*Vice President*
FRANCES GRANT.....*Secretary*
VIRGINIA DABNEY.....*Treasurer*
MISS WINONA JOHNSTON.....*Sponsor*

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Eugene Caffey
Helen Carter
Ellen Coleman
Mary W. Crockett
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Sarah Dinwiddie
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Martha Dudley
Hazel Ellington
John Frizzell
Mary Fry
Frances Grant
Myrtie Graves
Morris Givens
Douglas Hamm
Peyton Harris
Carl Hart
Edith Heermance
Nancy Herr
Margaret Hulvey
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Roe Jarman
Nancy Jefferies
Elizabeth Kaufman
Lucy Bell Linton
Charles Mitchell
Whitton Morse
Katherine Neal
Ruth Peterson
Bradley Peyton
Philip Peyton
Roger Pugh
Frances Reichman
Betty Shumate
Holt Souder
Jack Tatem
Evelyn Thacker
Claudia Thomas
Cecilia Valentine
Anne Van Doran
Margaret Walker
Elizabeth Wilson
Betty Yoe

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EMMA FRANCES SWINDLER ..... *Vice President*
JIMMIE LOGAN ..... *Secretary*
FRANKLIN DAVIS ..... *Treasurer*
MR. E. R. RIEDEL ..... *Sponsor*

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Barbara Bailey
Howald Bailey
Alonza Bragg
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J. Y. Brown
Eugene Caffey
Martha Colcock
Hudson Cole
Franklin Davis
Hazel Ellington
Graydon Garrett
Harold Glascock
Mary Ellen Glover
Frances Grant
Porter Graves
Dorothy Hahn
Eleanor Hall
Payton Harris
Ed Hase
John Hundley
Sue Irving
Evelyn Johnson
Willie Johnson
Elizabeth Kaufman
Jean Kennon
Anne Lacy
Betty Lacy
Jimmie Logan
Nellie Maddex
Alberta Maxwell
Mary Elizabeth Minor
Ernest Mitchell
Kitty O'Brien
Roger Pugh
Ruth Peterson
Eleanor Quarles
Frances Reichman
Curtis Smith
Mary Louise Smith
Emma Frances Swindler
Wallace Trevillian
Evelyn Updike
Elizabeth Williams
Mildred Wiant
B. B. Woodson
Dan Yuter

"BETTY LOU" CHORUS

"WITCHES' HOUR AND CANDLELIGHT" CAST

# LANE HIGH PRODUCTIONS

"EVERYDAY" PLAYERS' CLUB

"THE MAN WHO DIED AT TWELVE O'CLOCK"

MINSTREL, BOYS' GLEE CLUB

"BETTY LOU" GIRLS' GLEE CLUB DANCING CHORUS

"BETTY LOU" CAST

# *Boys' Hi-Y*

## OFFICERS

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HUGH SULFRIDGE.....*Vice President*
CHARLES EVANS.....*Secretary*
FRED DISQUE.....*Treasurer*
MR. LEROY HILLDRUP.....*Sponsor*

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Raymond Bishop
Daniel Black
Alonzo Bragg
J. Y. Brown
Hudson Cole
Fredrick Disque
Joseph Disque
Charles Evans
Lloyd Giles
Robert Glover
Carter Graves
Porter Graves
Boyd Hoffer
Edward Hopkinson
William C. Jones
Philip Markwood
James Maupin
Alpha Miller
Ernest Mitchell
Whitton Morse
Woody Poss
Roger Pugh
A. J. Short
Curtis Smith
Leo Smith
Charles Sours
Hugh Sulfridge
Edward Thompson
Wadell Updike
Manley Wade
James Wiebel
Dan Yuter

# *Girls' Hi-Y*

## OFFICERS

MARTHA COULTER ..... *President*
KITTY O'BRIEN ..... *Vice President*
NEVILLE WOOD ..... *Secretary*
ELEANOR QUARLES ..... *Treasurer*
MRS. ALLEN RAINE ..... *Sponsor*

## MEMBERS

Lora Beazley
Tee Blankinship
Martha Coulter
Virginia Dabney
Cornelia Eddins
Dolores Ellington
Helen Elliot
Cornelia Graves
Eleanor Griffith
Eleanor Hall
Jenny Holloway
Louise Keister
Rebecca Miller
Elizabeth Nalley
Kitty O'Brien
Phoebe Ann Ogilvie
Jeanette Petty
Eleanor Quarles
Agnes Ramsey
Myrtle Smith
Emma F. Swindler
Emma King Tucker
Elizabeth Vaughan
Neville Wood

# *Boys' Glee Club*

OFFICERS

FRANKLIN DAVIS.....*President*
ALPHA MILLER.....*Vice President*
DAN YUTER.....*Secretary and Treasurer*
MISS GRACE V. REYNOLDS.....*Sponsor*

MEMBERS

Jack Alwood
Alfred Arundale
Hartwell Clarke
Robert Cole
Billy Combs
Franklin Davis
Hollis Fitch
George Gajigianis
James Logan
Ernest Matacia
Ashton Miller
Ben Miller
Charles Mitchell
Ernest Mitchell
Whitton Morse
Woodie Poss
Curtis Smith
Leo Smith
Hugh Sulfridge
Manly Wade

Dan Ynter

# *Girls' Glee Club*

## OFFICERS

MADELYNE BORDEN ..... *President*

MARY E. MINOR ..... *Vice President*

HELEN THOMAS ..... *Secretary and Treasurer*

MISS NAOMI SHEPPE ..... *Sponsor*

## MEMBERS

Barbara Bailey
Lucy Baylor
Dorothy Beck
Edith Bishop
Ethel Blankinship
Madelyne Borden
Jane Doner
Gladys Duff
Dolores Ellington
Esther Elliot
Angelia Gajigianis
Lillian Gay
Aleata Gibson
Mary Ellen Glover
Eleanor Hall
Nancy Herr
Margaret Hulvey
Evelyn Johnston
Louise Keister
Jean Kennon
Nellie Maddex
Charlotte McLean
Lucy Miller
Mary E. Minor
Ruth Peterson
Janet Pond
Mary Louise Smith
Natalie Smith
Emma F. Swindler
Dorothy Thomas
Helen Thomas
Emma King Tucker
Evelyn Updike
Elizabeth Vaughan
Elizabeth Williams

# *Student Council*

OFFICERS

| *Fall Term* | | *Spring Term* |
|---|---|---|
| Eleanor Quarles | *President* | Charles Sours |
| Bill Arundale | *Vice President* | Fred Disque |
| Jack Manahan | *Secretary* | Nancy Lee |
| Jack Manahan | *Treasurer* | Joe Disque |
| Mr. Haswell H. Walker | *Sponsor* | Mr. Haswell H. Walker |

MEMBERS

| *Fall Term* | *Room* | *Spring Term* |
|---|---|---|
| Hugh Sulfridge | 11 | Hugh Sulfridge |
| Fred Disque | 12 | Fred Disque |
| Eleanor Quarles | 13 | Charles Sours |
| Bill Arundale | 15 | Cornelia Graves |
| Jean Kennon | 16 | Jean Kennon |
| Alpha Miller | 17 | Charlotte McLean |
| Jack Manahan | 18 | Roscoe Adams |
| Hazel Ellington | 21 | Nancy Lee |
| Josephine Ferland | 22 | Josephine Ferland |
| William Sheffield | 24 | Cynthia Graves |
| Polly Noble | 26 | Mary Johnson |
| Joe Disque | 27 | Joe Disque |
| Carter Cole | 28 | Dolores Ellington |
| Holt Souder | 31 | Douglas Fife |
| Margaret Walker | 32 | John Snead |
| Henry Spicer | 35 | Tula Fekas |
| Betty Lacy | 36 | Betty Lacy |
| Allan Spitzer | L1 | Elizabeth Gagas |
| Helen Thomas | L2 | Mary Winston Crockett |
| Eugene Caffey | L3 | Eugene Caffey |

# *G. A. A. Board*

OFFICERS

J. Y. Brown.....*President*

Fred Disque.....*Vice President*

Charles Sours.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

Mr. E. R. Riedel.....*Sponsor*

MEMBERS

Bill Arundale
Sally Lee Carter
Fred Disque
Joe Disque
Jewell Duncan
Charles Evans
Graydon Garrette

# *"C" Club*

## OFFICERS

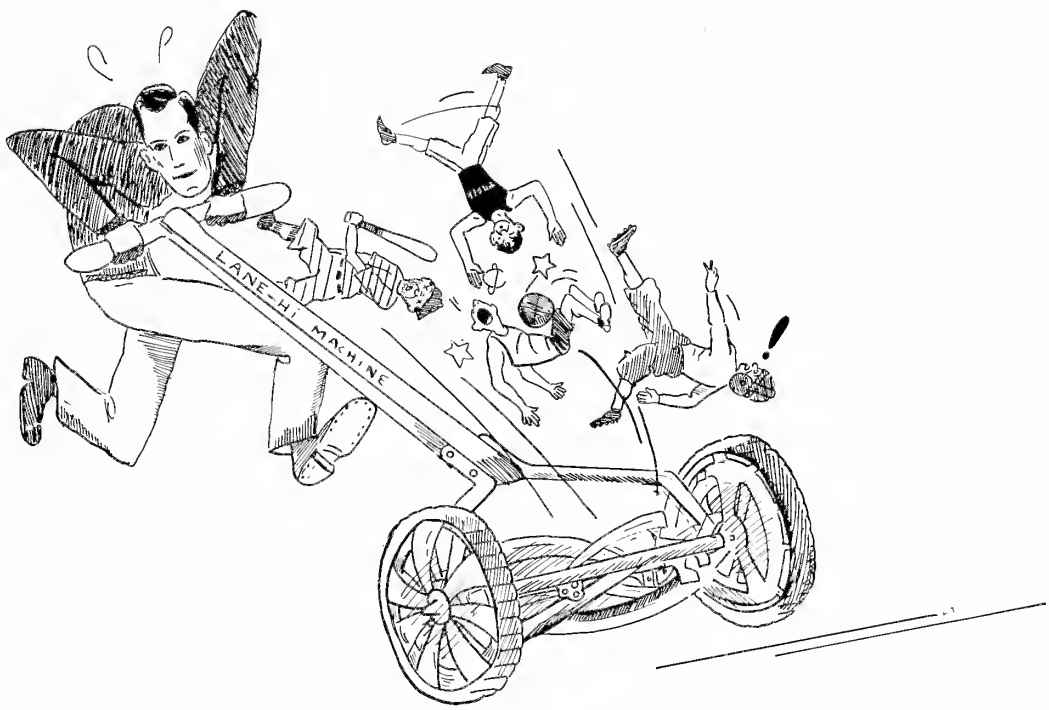
JAMES WIEBEL ..... *President*
ALFRED ARUNDALE ..... *Vice President*
RAYMOND LANG ..... *Secretary*
DENNIS CLARK ..... *Treasurer*
JAMES LEITCH ..... *Sponsor*

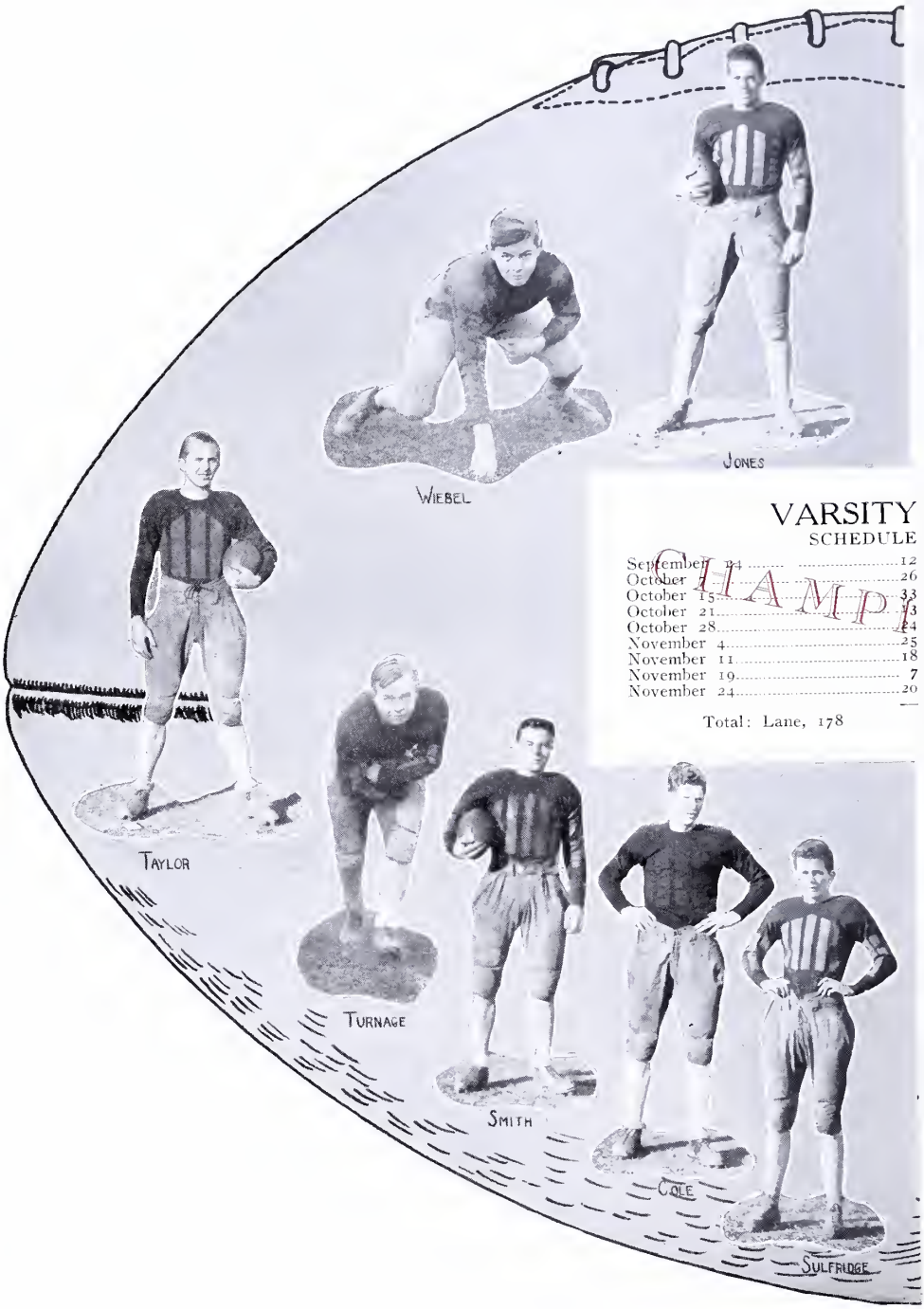
## MEMBERS

Alfred Arundale
Herman Bickers
Dennis Clark
Hudson Cole
Fred Disque
Joe Disque
Delbert Jeter
William C. Jones
Raymond Lang
James Maupin
Ernest Mitchell
Whitton Morse
Curtis Smith
Charles Sours
Merle Southall
William Stallings
Hugh Sulfridge, Jr.
Lancelot Taylor
Mark Turnage
James Wiebel

Dan Yuter

# ATHLETICS



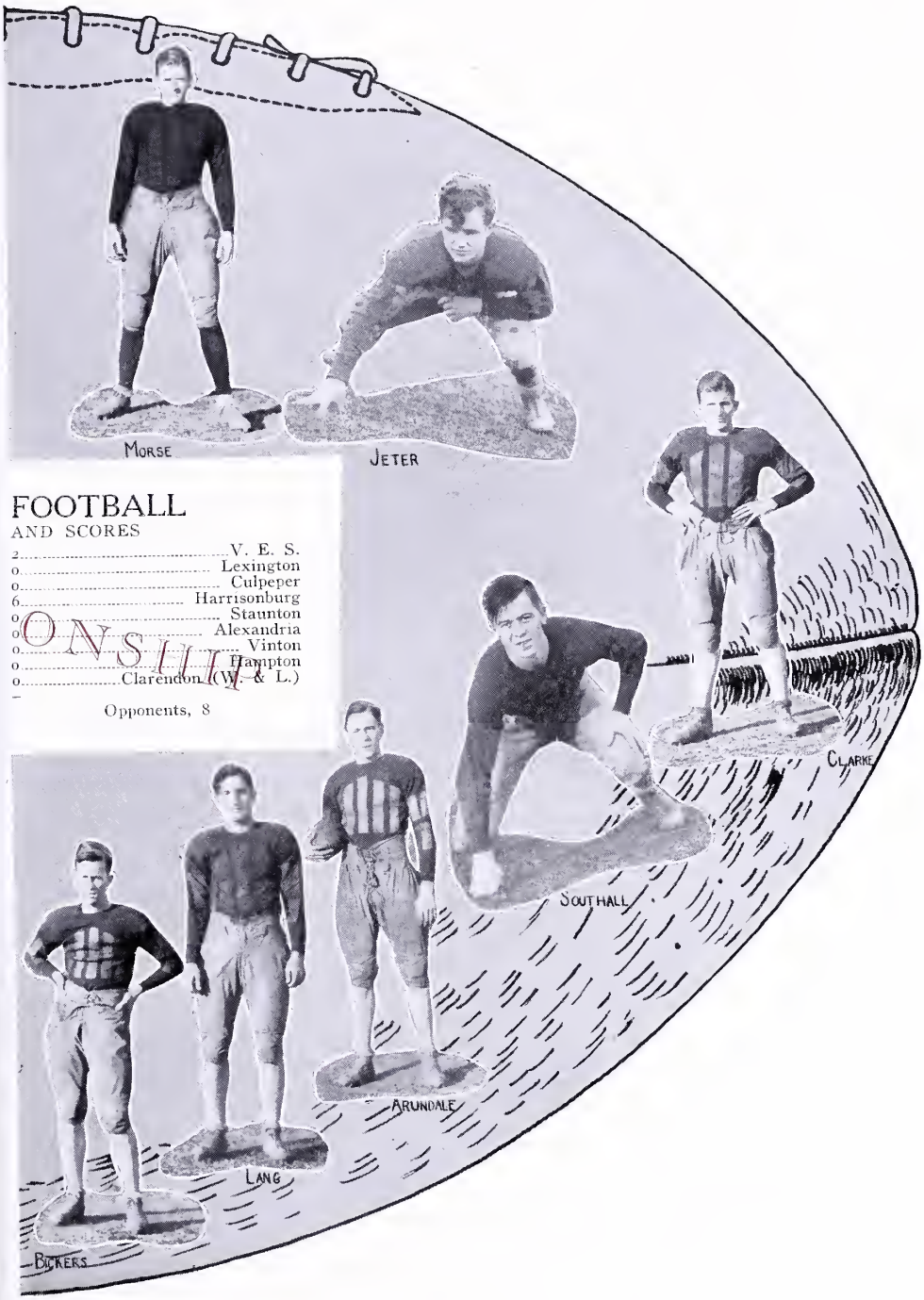



## VARSITY
### SCHEDULE

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| September | 24 | 12 |
| October | 1 | 26 |
| October | 15 | 33 |
| October | 21 | 13 |
| October | 28 | 24 |
| November | 4 | 25 |
| November | 11 | 18 |
| November | 19 | 7 |
| November | 24 | 20 |

Total: Lane, 178

CHAMP




# FOOTBALL

AND SCORES

| | |
|---|---|
| 2 | V. E. S. |
| 0 | Lexington |
| 0 | Culpeper |
| 6 | Harrisonburg |
| 0 | Staunton |
| 0 | Alexandria |
| 0 | Vinton |
| 0 | Hampton |
| 0 | Clarendon (W. & L.) |

Opponents, 8

# *Football, 1932*

HISTORY repeats itself. Not since 1927 has Lane High won the State Class B Championship. The team accredited itself with 178 points while the opponents were only able to total 8 points. This is quite a creditable record to which the future teams of Lane may aspire.

Football prospects at the beginning of the season were not as encouraging for Coach "Jimmy" Leitch as many valuable players of the preceding year had graduated. But the fine cooperative spirit of the boys under the able leadership of Leitch enabled him to produce a highly powerful unit. There was little or no individual starring which proved an asset rather than a liability. All possible credit is due the boys and Coach Leitch for their remarkable showing of "real" football and fine sportsmanship. Thanks are also due the students and townspeople who gave us their loyal support.

## V. E. S. vs. LANE

Lane High traveled over to Lynchburg to play the first game of the season against Virginia Episcopal School, and for the first time in years won its opening game. The Lynchburg team made the first score when Taylor was downed behind his goal. This bolstered up the Lane team, for late in the same quarter, a pass from Jones to Arundale gave them a lead which V. E. S. could not overcome. Neither team scored again until the last quarter when Taylor of Lane intercepted a pass and ran 40 yards to score. Both the line and the backfield showed great promise.

## LEXINGTON vs. LANE

Last year Lexington trimmed Lane by a 19-2 score, but this year "the table was turned," as the Lane grid machine went into perfectly timed action and downed Lexington, 26-0. Lane played one of its best games of the season against Lexington. Bill Byrd, of the University, kept the team in shape while Coach Leitch was recuperating from an appendix operation.

## CULPEPER vs. LANE

This game showed our boys playing in fine style as Lane marred Culpeper's clean record by defeating them 33-0. Lane scored at the end of the first quarter when Wiebel, receiving a pass from Taylor, ran for a touchdown. In the second quarter Smith scored a well-timed end run. Two touchdowns were made in the third quarter; one by Jones and one by Taylor. The last score was made by Lang on a beautifully executed pass from Jones.

## HARRISONBURG vs. LANE

The following week Lane went to Harrisonburg to hang up another victory. The team started off poorly at the beginning of the game letting Harrisonburg march down the field and score before they could settle down and function as a unit. Not until the second half did Lane start playing real football. Smith scored first when he ran 50 yards on an end run. Taylor kicked the extra point. In the fourth quarter Lane blocked a punt on Harrisonburg's 35-yard line and then pushed down the gridiron for the final tally. The try for extra point failed.

## STAUNTON vs. LANE

Scoring in each quarter, the Lane High team downed the Lee High gridders. The scoring was begun for the locals by Taylor who made the first two touchdowns, scoring first on a five-yard plunge at the end of the first quarter, after Lane had made a fifty-yard drive down the field. In the second quarter he again scored on a thirty-yard sprint around left end. Jones intercepted a pass in the third quarter and returned to the twenty-three-yard line. A few plays later Jones lugged the ball across the goal line on a 20-yard end run. Staunton could not cope with the Lane gridders' attack and Lane did not have much trouble subduing them.

## ALEXANDRIA vs. LANE

"Ah, revenge is sweet," said the Lane grid warriors as they fairly romped all over Alexandria to the tune of 25-0. This evened up last year's heart-breaking loss when they defeated Lane 14-13. The visitors only threatened once and that was when the Lane regulars had been replaced by substitutes. The features of the game were Jones' spectacular 65-yard run and the 40-yard pass from Jones to Lang. Smith scored after Lane recovered a fumble of Alexandria's on their 20-yard line. Taylor also scored.

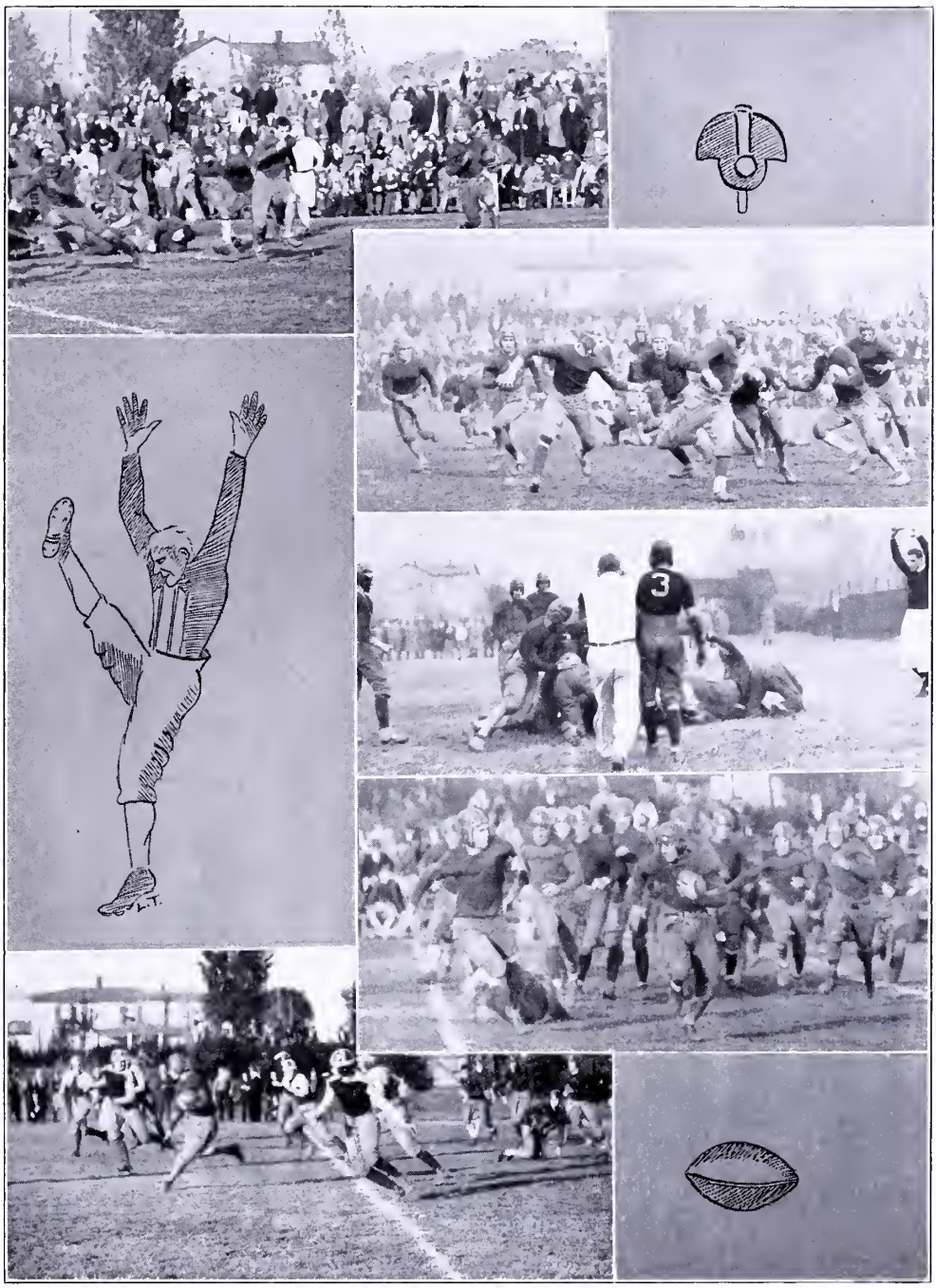
## HAMPTON vs. LANE

Playing on a wet and muddy field, Lane downed the powerful eleven of Hampton High School 7-0. The Lane team started a 40-yard drive that netted the only touchdown of the game, Taylor scoring the touchdown on straight football plays and Jones adding the extra point on a line plunge. The fourth quarter proved most exciting when Hampton started its relentless drive down the field and was only stopped when the referee's whistle ended the game. They were but four feet from the goal line.

## CLARENDON (W. AND L.) vs. LANE

"Turkey-Day," Lane ended its football season with a 20-0 win over W. and L. Lane registered its initial touchdown early in the first quarter when the locals recovered a Clarendon fumble on the opponents' 20-yard marker. With consecutive line plays, Lane soon had the ball across W. and L.'s line with Turnage carrying the pigskin. W. and L. made a deep thrust into our territory in the second quarter but with five yards to go for a touchdown, Lane finally coordinated and presented a stone wall to the W. and L. players, stopping them in four downs. In the third quarter Taylor plunged across the goal for Lane's second touchdown. This time Jones hit center for the extra point. Later in the final period Lane again scored by a pass from Jones to Wiebel. Taylor kicked for extra point.

A large holiday crowd witnessed the game. Lane High ended its football season with no defeats and with not even a tie score to mar its brilliant record.



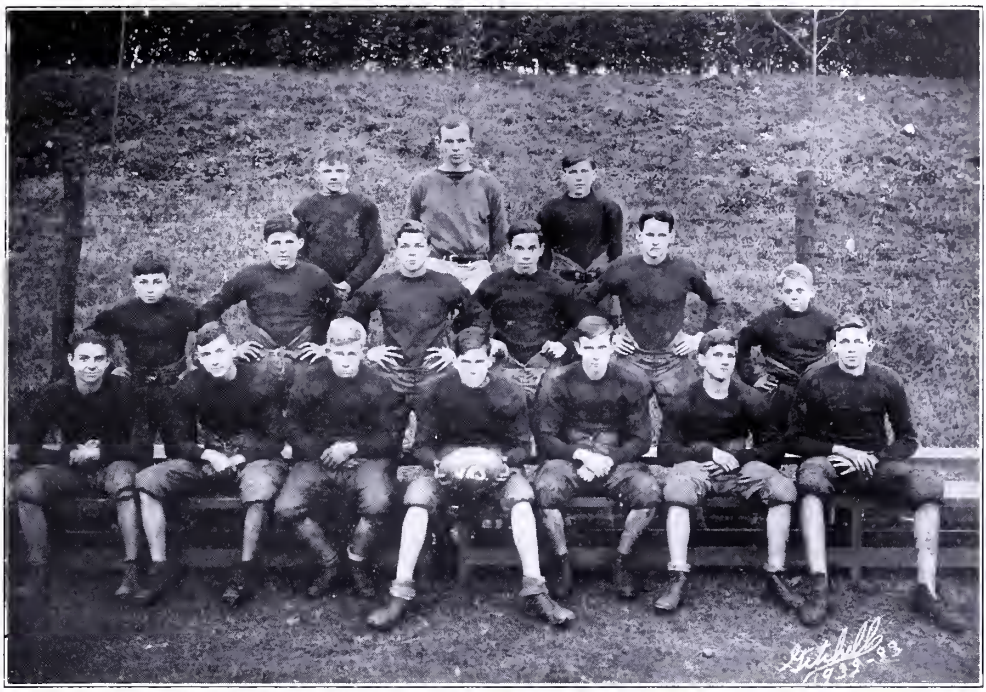
LANE IN ACTION

# *Varsity Football Squad, 1933*

WILLIAM C. JONES, WHITTON MORSE ..... *Co-Captains*
JIMMIE MAUPIN ..... *Manager*
JAMES A. LEITCH ..... *Coach*
E. R. RIEDEL ..... *Athletic Director*

LINE-UP

| *First Team* | | *Substitutes* |
|---|---|---|
| RAYMOND LANG | *left end* | CHARLES EVANS |
| WHITTON MORSE | *left tackle* | HERMAN BICKERS |
| DELBERT JETER | *left guard* | HUDSON COLE |
| HUGH SULFRIDGE | *center* | EARL BARNETTE |
| MERLE SOUTHALL | *right guard* | BOBBY COLE |
| DENNIS CLARKE | *right tackle* | CARTER GRAVES<br>RAYMOND EDWARDS |
| JAMES WIEBEL | *right end* | CLAUDE HAGGARD |
| BILLY JONES | *quarterback* | BILL ARUNDALE |
| CURTIS SMITH | *left halfback* | JACK ALWOOD |
| MARK TURNAGE | *right halfback* | JOHN MARKELI<br>MANLY WADE |
| LANCE TAYLOR | *fullback* | WILLIAM ELLINGER |



# *Junior Football Squad, 1933*

JOSEPH KELLY ..... *Coach*

LINE-UP

| *First Team* | | *Second Team* |
|---|---|---|
| FRED DISQUE | *left end* | WILLARD GEER |
| ARTHUR WOOD | *left tackle* | SCLATER SADLER |
| ALBERT DULANEY | *left guard* | FRED BENDER |
| STANLEY MOONEY | *center* | HUGH BIRCKHEAD |
| PHIL MARKWOOD | *right guard* | HUGH DANNER |
| LEO SMITH | *right tackle* | BILLY MAUPIN |
| GAIL TAYLOR | *right end* | BILLY ARCHER |
| JOE DISQUE | *quarterback* | CLINTON BOZE |
| ERNEST MATACIA | *left half* | PEYTON HARRIS |
| JOHNNY SHEPHERD | *right half* | EUGENE WINGFIELD |
| CHARLES SOURS | *right halfback* | KENNETH MAXCY |

OPPONENTS' SCORES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lane Juniors | 7 | Miller School | 6 |
| Lane Juniors | 14 | Miller School | 0 |
| Lane Juniors | 24 | McGuffey School | 0 |
| Lane Juniors | 20 | Clark School | 0 |
| Lane Juniors | 0 | Woodberry Forest Junior Varsity | 20 |
| Lane Juniors | 0 | A. M. A. Prep. Varsity Scrubs | 54 |

# *Varsity Basketball Squad, 1933*

WHITTON MORSE ..... *Captain*
BOBBY COLE AND DENNIS CLARKE ..... *Managers*
JAMES A. LEITCH, JR. ..... *Coach*

LINE-UP

| *First Team* | | *Substitutes* |
|---|---|---|
| FRED DISQUE | *forward* | CHARLES SOURS |
| BILL ARUNDALE | *forward* | CLINTON BOZE |
| WHITTON MORSE | *center* | WILLIAM BROWN, CLAUDE HAGGARD |
| BILLY JONES | *guard* | JAMES WIEBEL |
| DAN YUTER | *guard* | JOE DISQUE, MARK TURNAGE |

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jan. 6 | Staunton ..... Here | Feb. 7 | V. S. D. B. ..... Staunton, Va. |
| Jan. 10 | Woodberry Forest ..... There | Feb. 10 | Waynesboro ..... Here |
| Jan. 15 | V. S. D. B. ..... Staunton, Va | Feb. 14 | Fredericksburg ..... There |
| Jan. 17 | Waynesboro ..... There | Feb. 17 | Harrisonburg ..... Here |
| Jan. 20 | Staunton ..... There | Feb. 21 | Bridgewater ..... There |
| Jan. 27 | Bridgewater ..... Here | Feb. 24 | Shenandoah ..... Here |
| Jan. 31 | Shenandoah ..... There | Feb. 28 | Harrisonburg ..... There |
| Feb. 3 | Western H. S. ..... Washington, D. C. | Mch. 2 | Fredericksburg ..... Here |
| Feb. 4 | Warrenton ..... There | | |

# *Junior Basketball, 1933*

ROSCOE ADAMS ..... *Captain*
JAMES A. LEITCH, JR ..... *Coach*

LINE-UP

| *First Team* | | *Substitutes* |
|---|---|---|
| ROSCOE ADAMS | *forward* | JAMES MATACIA |
| WILSON BROOKS | *forward* | KENNETH MAXCY |
| GAIL TAYLOR | *center* | CHARLES WINDES |
| BILLY ARCHER | *guard* | ERNEST MATACIA |
| CARTER WEISIGER | *guard* | PEYTON HARRIS |

GAMES

Miller School ..... Here
Miller School ..... There
Harrisonburg ..... There

A Junior Intra-mural League was organized during this session, and four teams, the Fords, the Cadillacs, the Buicks, and the Packards, contended for a cup offered by the "C" Club. This cup was won by the Fords—Roscoe Adams, captain, Charles Henshaw, Carter Weisiger, Gail Taylor, Eugene Wingfield, Cleveland Doner, and Fred Bender—and is now proudly displayed in the Athletic Trophy case in the front hall. From the four intra-mural teams, the school junior team was selected. This team played the games listed above.

# *Girls' Basketball Squad, 1933*

*Reading from left to right:* Mrs. Julia Alderman, coach; Lora Beazley, R. G.; Willie Tyler, J. C.; Helen Elliott, L. F.; Dorothy Feuchtenberger, J. C.; Jewel Duncan, captain, L. F.; Sally Lee Carter, R. Fl.; Virginia Gardner, L. G.; Doris Harlan, R. G.; Margaret King, L. G.; Emma Mae Bibb, S. C.

Others who belong to the squad but who are not in the picture include Virginia Coleman, S. C.; Alma Parr, L. G.; Carrie Parr, R. G.; Louise Ramsey, R. F.

## SCHEDULE AND SCORES

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Lane | 25 | St. Anne's School | 16 |
| Lane | 16 | St. Anne's School | 32 |
| Lane | 21 | Waynesboro | 44 |
| Lane | 7 | Waynesboro | 28 |
| Lane | 25 | St. Anne's School | 16 |
| Lane | 17 | Fredericksburg | 32 |
| Lane | 32 | Fredericksburg | 44 |
| Lane | 23 | Harrisonburg | 35 |
| Lane | 18 | Harrisonburg | 31 |
| Lane | 49 | Lane All-Star | 32 |
| Lane | 25 | Shenandoah | 20 |

# *Track Team, 1932*

On Saturday, April 30, the track team journeyed to Woodberry Forest to compete in a track meet against Woodberry Forest, Swavely Prep, and Petersburg Hi. While Lane High took third place, scoring 33 points, Woodberry Forest won the meet with 64 points. Harris was high scorer for Lane with 9½ points; he won the broad jump, tied for second in the high jump, and took third place in the pole vault. Blanton placed third in 120-low hurdles, third in the 220-low hurdles, and third in the broad jump; Yuter placed second in the hundred and in the two-twenty; Britton won the half mile; Mitchell took third in the mile; Morse was fourth in the 220-low hurdles; Jones was fourth in the broad jump; Herman Wheeler placed fourth in the javelin, and Carter took fourth place in the 220-yard dash. Considering that these boys were competing with Prep and Class A schools, we feel that they did exceedingly well.

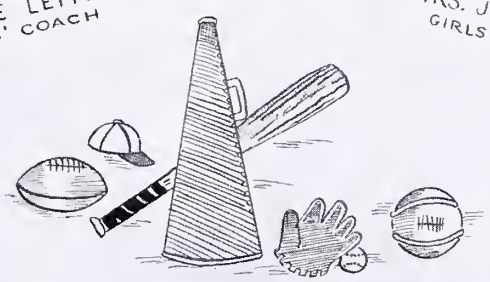
## LANE PARTICIPATES IN STATE MEET

The team did not show up as well as we had hoped in this meet. We managed, however, to accumulate 16 points. Harris contributed 10 points by winning the high jump and broad jump. Lew Griffith and Whitton Morse handled the low hurdle situation very well, by coming in second and third, respectively. Billy Jones, with a great show of speed at the final spurt of the 440 yard run, eked out a fourth place which accounted for one point.

"JIMMIE" LEITCH
BOYS' COACH

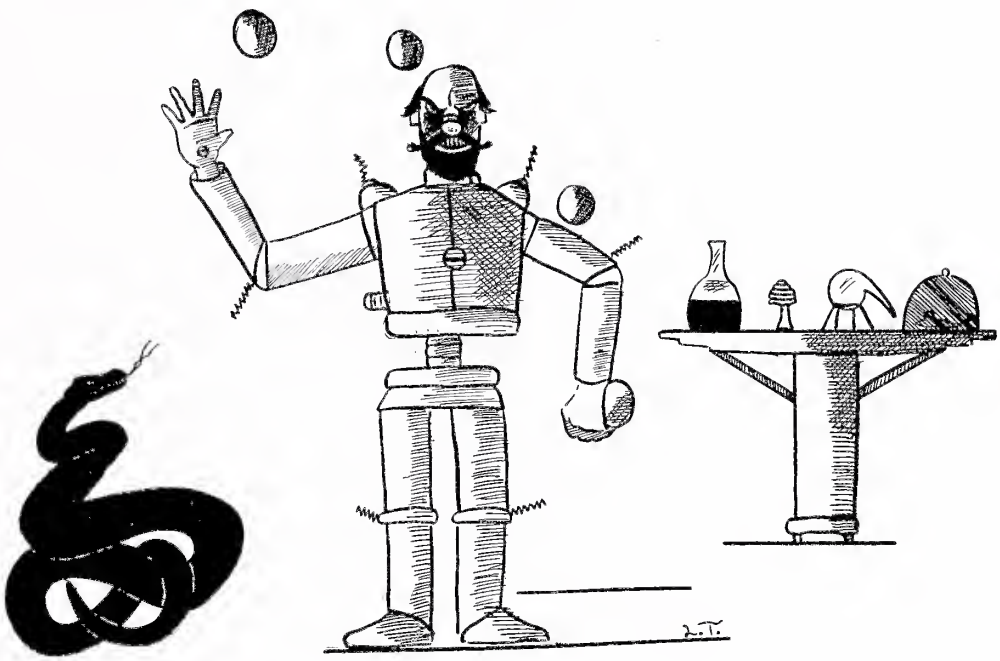
E.R. RIEDEL
ATHLETIC DIRECTOR

MRS. J. ALDERMAN
GIRLS' COACH



COULTER - MILLER - YUTER - GRAVES - HALL
CHEER LEADERS

# FEATURES



MARGARET HULVEY
PRETTIEST GIRL

JOE DISQUE
BEST LOOKING BOY

LILLIAN Mc CLUNG
MOST POPULAR GIRL

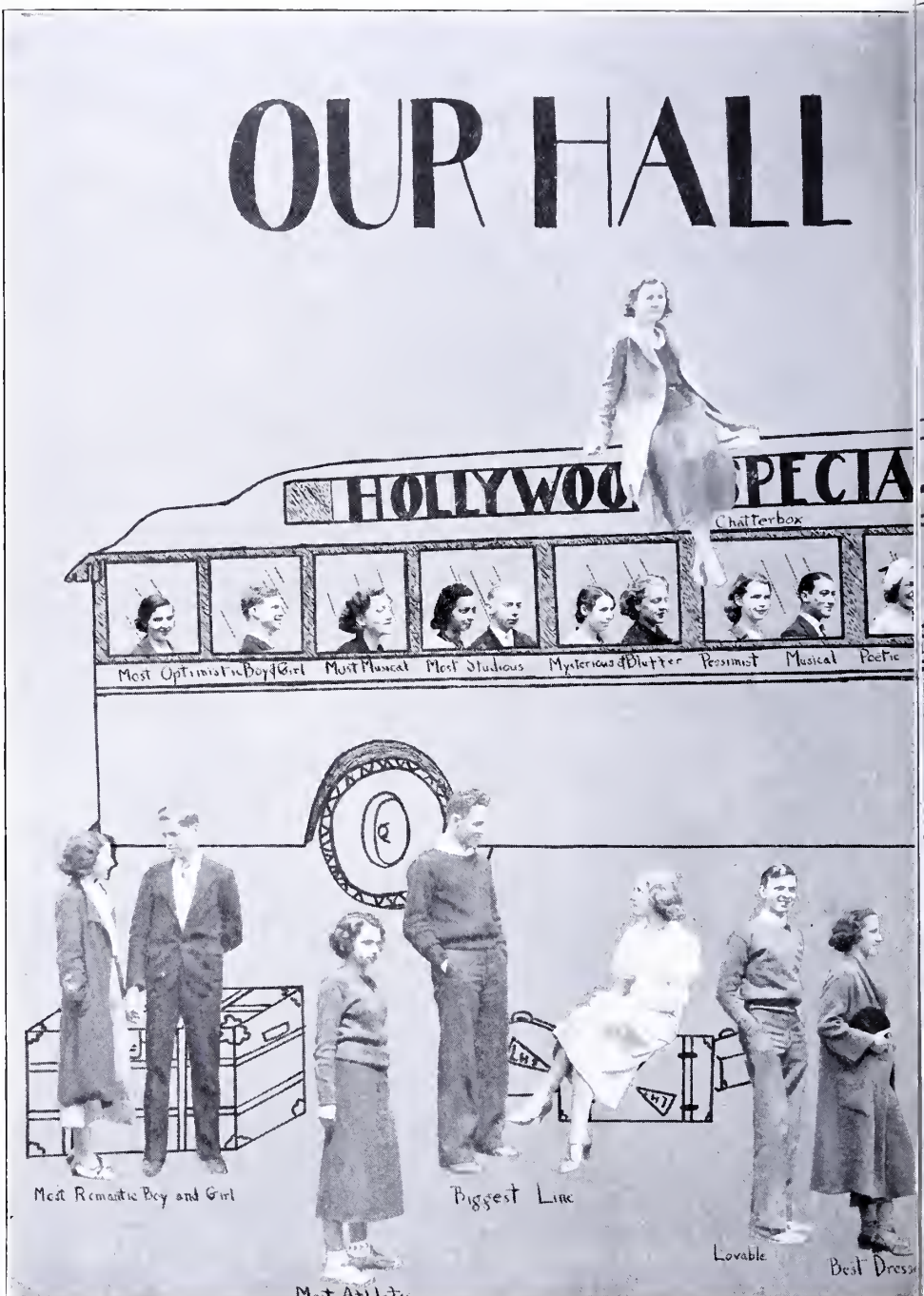
FRED DISQUE
MOST POPULAR BOY

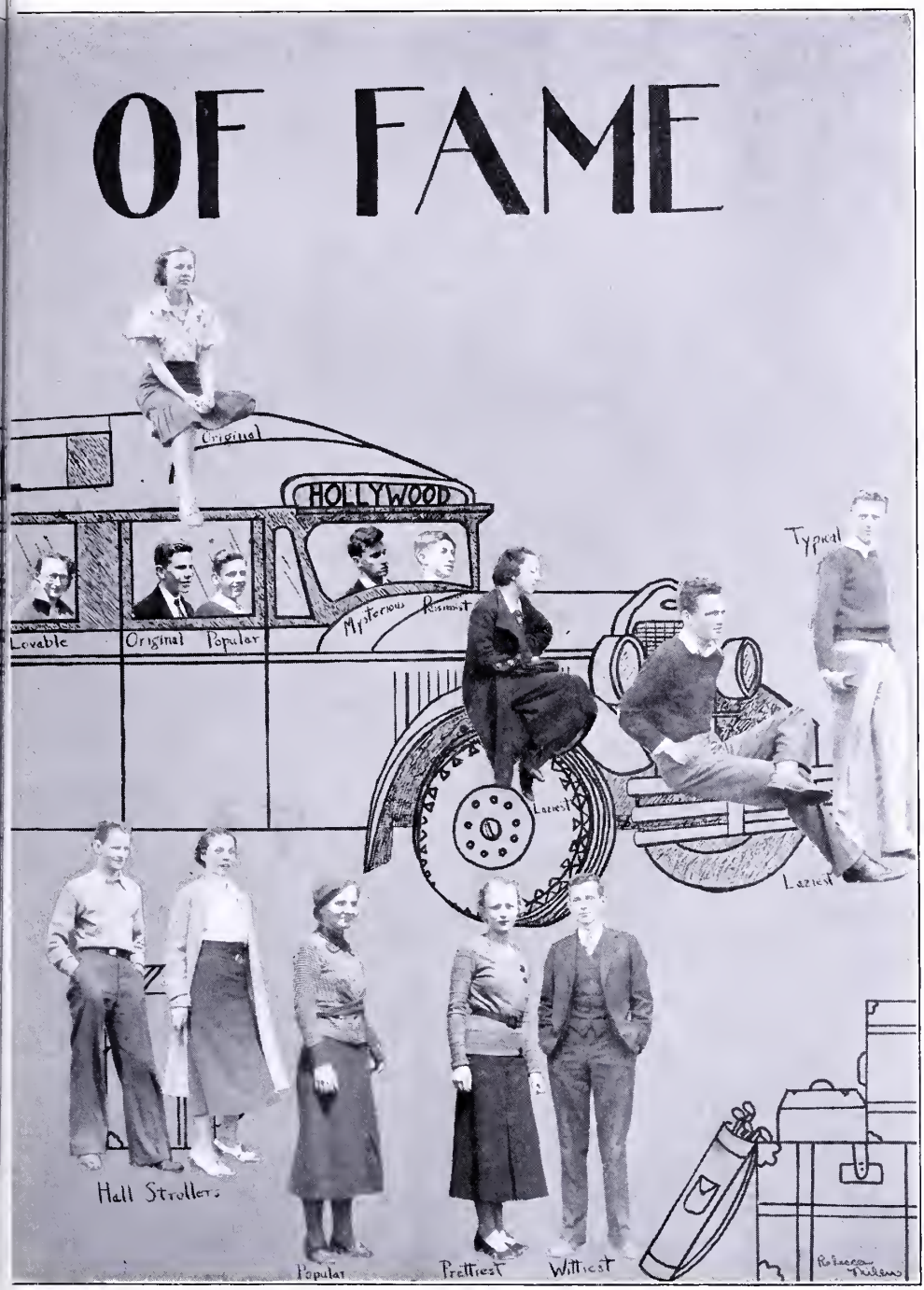
LOUISE KEISTER
BEST ALL-AROUND GIRL

WHITTON MORSE
BEST ALL-AROUND BOY

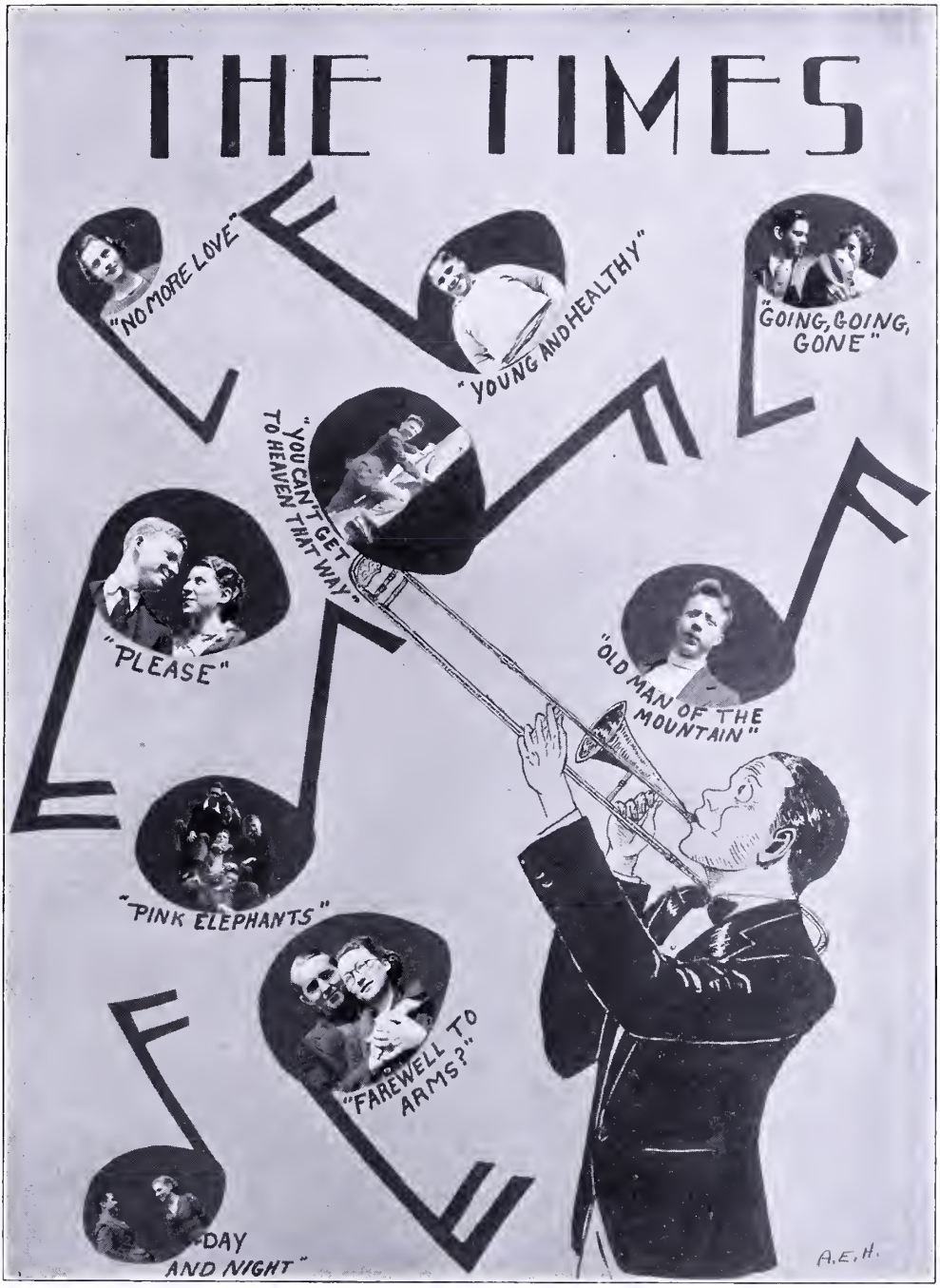
BILLY JONES
BEST ATHLETE

SYLVIA P. HORWITZ
MOST POPULAR TEACHER


OUR HALL
HOLLYWOO PECIA
Chatterbox
Most Optimistic Boy & Girl
Most Musical
Most Studious
Mysterious & Blusher
Pessimist
Musical
Poetic
Most Romantic Boy and Girl
Most Athletic
Biggest Line
Lovable
Best Dress


OF FAME
Original
HOLLYWOOD
Lovable
Original
Popular
Mysterious
Typical
Laziest
Laziest
Hall Strollers
Popular
Prettiest
Wittiest

IN TUNE WITH
"HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN"
"NUTS ABOUT MUTTS"
"THE GIRL IN THE LITTLE GREEN HAT"
"YOU ARE GETTING TO BE A HABIT WITH ME"
"CONTENTED"
"BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?"
"MEANEST MAN IN TOWN"
"TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS"
"SAY, YOUNG FELLER"
"BABY PARADE"


THE TIMES
"NO MORE LOVE"
"YOUNG AND HEALTHY"
"GOING, GOING, GONE"
"YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN THAT WAY"
"PLEASE"
"OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN"
"PINK ELEPHANTS"
"FAREWELL TO ARMS?"
"DAY AND NIGHT"
A.E.H.

*Turn to page 110*

# STATISTICS

| | BOYS | | | | | | GIRLS | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | *Blondes* | *Brunettes* | *Intelligentsia* | *Otherwise* | *Morons* | *Grand Total* | *Blondes* | *Brunettes* | *Intelligentsia* | *Otherwise* | *Morons* | *Grand Total* |
| Total Classes | 8 | 24 | 11 | 16 | 5 | 32 | 18 | 36 | 12 | 35 | 7 | 54 |
| Average age | 17 | 16 | 16 | 17 | 19 | | | | | | | |
| Average height | 5′8″ | 5′10″ | 5′9″ | 5′10″ | 5′9″ | | 5′3″ | 5′4½″ | 5′5″ | 5′4″ | 5′ | |
| Average weight | 136 | 142 | 131 | 141 | 143 | | 109 | 117 | 123 | 119 | 121 | |
| Man Haters | | | | | | | 0 | 18 | 11 | 7 | 0 | |
| Woman Haters | 2 | 7 | 0 | 4 | 5 | 9 | | | | | | |
| Giants | 2 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 6 | | | | | | |
| Runts | 5 | 9 | 3 | 7 | 4 | 14 | 11 | 12 | 7 | 13 | 3 | 23 |
| Big Eaters | 8 | 24 | 11 | 16 | 5 | 32 | 9 | 21 | 9 | 19 | 2 | 30 |
| Ladies' Men | 8 | 7 | 3 | 7 | 5 | 15 | | | | | | |
| Spend Thrifts | 8 | 13 | 5 | 11 | 5 | 21 | 17 | 29 | 9 | 31 | 6 | 46 |
| Mathematicians | 1 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 0 | 8 | 2 | 11 | 8 | 5 | 0 | 13 |
| Authors | 1 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 5 |
| Poets | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 5 |
| Wits | 2 | 7 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 9 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 4 |
| Lovers | 7 | 14 | 3 | 13 | 5 | 21 | 16 | 23 | 5 | 27 | 7 | 39 |
| Dancers | 5 | 19 | 8 | 13 | 3 | 24 | 17 | 27 | 11 | 29 | 4 | 44 |
| Pests | 2 | 17 | 6 | 8 | 5 | 19 | 9 | 11 | 6 | 7 | 7 | 20 |
| Gossips | 4 | 16 | 7 | 9 | 4 | 20 | 9 | 17 | 7 | 12 | 7 | 26 |
| Prevaricators | 3 | 5 | 2 | 1 | 5 | 8 | 17 | 23 | 11 | 22 | 7 | 40 |
| Procrastinators | 5 | 7 | 6 | 3 | 3 | 12 | 15 | 21 | 10 | 21 | 5 | 36 |
| Parasites | 7 | 9 | 5 | 6 | 5 | 16 | 9 | 16 | 9 | 22 | 4 | 25 |
| Sophisticates | 1 | 5 | 0 | 1 | 5 | 6 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 7 |
| Jig-Saw Fans | 3 | 9 | 0 | 7 | 5 | 12 | 2 | 11 | 3 | 7 | 3 | 13 |
| Stamp Collectors | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 1 |
| Book worms | 2 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 0 | 5 | 3 | 7 | 9 | 0 | 1 | 10 |
| Bums | 7 | 21 | 10 | 13 | 0 | 28 | 2 | 8 | 9 | 0 | 1 | 10 |
| Gum chewers | 1 | 3 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 11 | 22 | 3 | 24 | 6 | 33 |
| Hard workers | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Consistent lovers | 2 | 8 | 1 | 4 | 5 | 10 | 9 | 17 | 9 | 11 | 6 | 26 |
| Flirts | 3 | 7 | 1 | 5 | 4 | 10 | 11 | 13 | 9 | 12 | 3 | 24 |

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA GENERAL LIBRARY 1819

SNAPS

# The Midway Student Headlines

History Classes Take Trip To Washington

Many Improvements At Lane High

LANE HIGH CLAIMS "B" CHAMPIONSHIP

HI-Y SPONSORS DANCE

Junior-Senior Prom Proves Great Success

NEW MEMBERS ELECTED TO LITERARY SOCIETIES

Student Body Will Take Part In Armistice Parade

FOOTBALL TEAM ENTERTAINED AT BANQUET

LANE WINS FIRST GAME OF SEASON

BUMBLE BEE APPEARS AS CHRISTMAS GIFT

HOME ROOMS ADOPT NEEDY FAMILIES

HI-Y TO SPONSOR DRIVE FOR THANKSGIVING BASKETS

*Team Awarded Letters In Athletic Assembly*

Lane vs. Vinton Game Held Immediately Afterwards

LANE HIGH TEAM SECURES REVENGE

Defeats Alexandra High by Score 25-0

INTEREST INCREASES IN HIKING CLUB

TENNIS PRACTICE BEGINS SOON

MR. SULFRIDGE AWARDS FOOTBALL TROPHY

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA ORGANIZED

Hallowe'en Plays Presented Tonight

Given by Senior Class

GLEE CLUB PRESENTS CHARMING OPERETTA

LANE DEFEATS CLARENDON

Ends Season With Clean Slate

PLAYERS' CLUB PRESENTS ASSEMBLY

COACH LEITCH UNDERGOES APPENDICITIS OPERATION SATURDAY

Two New Teachers Join Faculty

LANE ADOPTS NEW SYSTEM OF DEPORTMENT

HI-Y GIVES BRIDGE PARTY

LANE JUNIORS DEFEAT WOOD BERRY FOREST

JUNIORS HAVE SUCCESSFUL SEASON

Win Five Games, Lose Two

*Mr. Blume Elected President of Local Association*

PLANS FOR PATRONS' DAY, ANNOUNCED

English Classes To Publish Papers

BOYS' GLEE CLUB ENTERTAIN SCHOOL

FORD WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

MISS JOHNSTON'S CLASS WINS CONTEST

BASEBALL LEAGUE ORGANIZES

MIDWAY STUDENT ENTERS COLUMBIA PRESS ASSOCIATION CONTEST

LITERARY SOCIETIES PREPARE FOR CONTESTS

Lane High Votes On Who's Who

SENIOR CLASS CHOOSES RING

Players' Club To Give "Everyday"

GOLF CLUB ORGANIZED

ALUMNI WIN HONORS AT UNIVERSITY

GIRLS ORGANIZE BASKETBALL TEAM

Work Starts In State Hi-Y's

*Student Council Members Elected*

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT RECEIVES AWARDS

GLEE CLUB ASSEMBLY

HISTORY CLASS TAKES TRIP TO FILTRATION PLANT

Columbus Day Celebrated At Lane High

Many Attend Hi-Y Conference

OUR ARCH-ENEMY, SIR FLU, INVADES SCHOOL

February Holds Many Social Events

School Busy Preparing For Examinations

# *Signs and Sayings*

| | |
|---|---|
| O.T.B. | Get out of this office! |
| U.P.S. | That's enough from the Study Hall. |
| I. T. J. | I'll remember to do it tomorrow. |
| [illegible] | It's as easy as falling off a log backwards. |
| G.V.R. | Students, don't you see? |
| W.J. | I'm afraid I'll forget. |
| [illegible] | Now, clahs! |
| [illegible] | Is that your trash on that desk? |
| L.W.B. | If you don't keep quiet I'll send you back to Study Hall. |
| S.S.S. | I don't want to spend the whole period on this, now. |
| A. L. B. | Everyone has his own place; draw your own conclusions. |
| R.L.H. | Try to be quiet over in that corner. |
| J.S.C. | You are getting too bright. Just keep quiet! |
| E.V.M. | All right now, they don't do such in Dillwyn. |
| R.E.S. | Now, says Pat to Mike— |
| M.M.S. | Now, for tomorrow—uh— |
| K. H. W. | The trouble is—you all don't think. It works like a charm! |
| [illegible] | If you don't interpret it that way—personally, I'd do this. |
| W.E.S. | Help me out, help me out now! Don't hold back the class. |
| M.L.M. | We'll probably have a written lesson tomorrow. |
| [illegible] | I don't like your attitude. |
| J.C.M. | Too much talking! |
| M.C.J. | Hmmm—I'll take this downstairs, I'll be right back. |
| J.G.L., Jr. | At the next offense, explain your actions to Mr. Sulfridge. |
| E.W.S. | Quiet now, please. Don't be impatient. |
| E.A. | Take your seat, I'll come around and help you in a minute. |
| [illegible] | You report to me at 2:30. |

# *Techno-Crazy*

When the world grew tired of democracy
The big shots gave us technocracy;
  But the robots and ergs
  Who dance on icebergs
Are plumb full of jolly hypocrisy.

Said the turtle to the tortoise: "You may
Find it hard to believe what I say,
  You may think it absurd
  But I give you my word
I was fined for speeding today."

There was once a man from Rio,
Who took a trip to Ohio.
  He found him a wife,
  Then started the strife,
For now he's supporting a trio.

Mr. Blume: "Will you please pay attention to 'The Lady of the Lake' instead of the ladies of the class?"

Betty Lacy: "Now you pride yourself on being able to judge a woman's character by her clothes. What would be your verdict on my sister over there?"

Bobby Cole (looking at her sister's scanty attire): "Insufficient evidence."

There was once a girl named Susan
Who was always dreamin' and snoozin';
  One day to her fate
  She slept on a date
And now there is no boy for Susan.

In the army there was a baker
Who went to the front with a caper;
  When the battle was won
  And the fighting was done
Our hero had gone to his Maker.

There was once a boy named Jake,
Who stole a big wedding cake,
  And then in truth
  This thievish youth
Asked the doctor what else he should take.

Mr. Walker: "Well, your papers are very bad. I feel that I am a failure. I just believe I'll turn you over to Mr. Riedel."

Elizabeth Williams: "Do. It's much better that there should be one failure instead of 30."

"Madam," shouted the angry neighbor, "your little Reginald has just thrown a brick through our window."

"And would you bring me the brick?" beamed Reginald's mother. "We like to keep all the little mementoes of his pranks."

Mr. Walker: "Now watch the board while I run through it again."

# *An Appreciation*

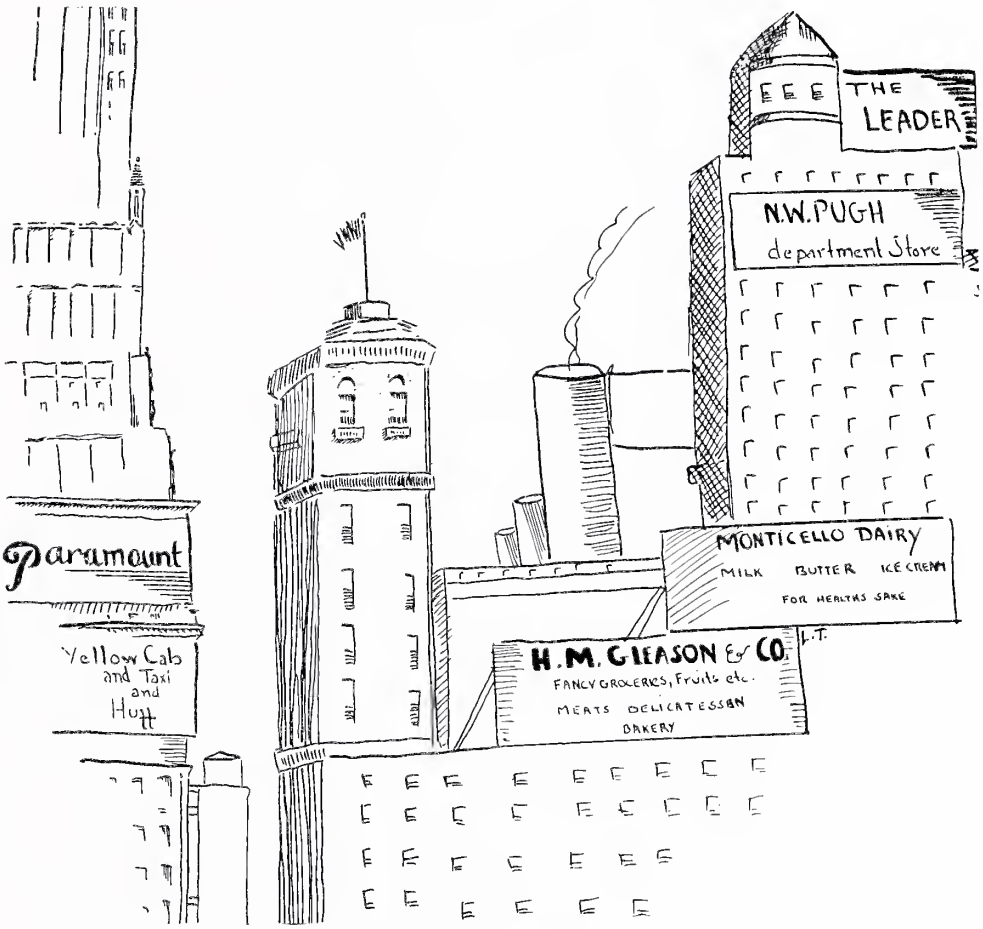
BEFORE concluding this Annual, we, the Staff, wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to those who have made THE CHAIN possible by their enthusiastic help. We wish to thank Miss Sylvia Horwitz, Miss Naomi Sheppe, Mr. Hugh L. Sulfridge, and Miss Virginia Bolen for their devoted service in helping to prepare this volume.

We also wish to express our gratitude to Professor Frederic Disque who has assisted us in the art work, and to Mr. Riedel who has been of great service in financial matters.

We also desire to acknowledge our appreciation of the work and cooperation of Carl Hart, Ed Hopkinson, Kitty O'Brien, and Frank Hartman.

Finally, we wish to express our appreciation to the business firms who have made possible the financial success of this book, by contributing to our advertisement section.

# ADVERTISEMENTS



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## WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR PLAYGROUND

A. Whitton Morse
B. Rebecca Miller
C. J. Y. Brown
D. John Shepherd
E. Kitty O'Brien
F. Boyd Hoffer
G. Emma K. Tucker
H. Stanley House
I. James H. Logan
J. Hugh Sulfridge
K. Ed. Hopkinson
L. B. B. Woodson
M. Emma F. Swindler
N. Lois Herring
O. Jeanette Petty
P. Allan Spitzer
Q. Robert Golsten
R. Eleanor Williams
S. Hartwell Clarke
T. Charles Evans


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The policeman got out his book and poised his stubby pencil. "What's yer name?"

"John Smith."

"No, let's have yer real name," bawled the officer, who had been tricked the day before.

"Well, then put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better. You can't fool me with that Smith stuff; I know better than that."

—*The Student*

---

HERE'S HOW

You can always tell a freshman by his frightened frowns and looks
You can always tell a sophomore 'cause he's always free of books;
You can always tell a junior 'cause he'll always be "in dutch."
You can sometimes tell a senior but you can never tell him much.

—*The Optimist*

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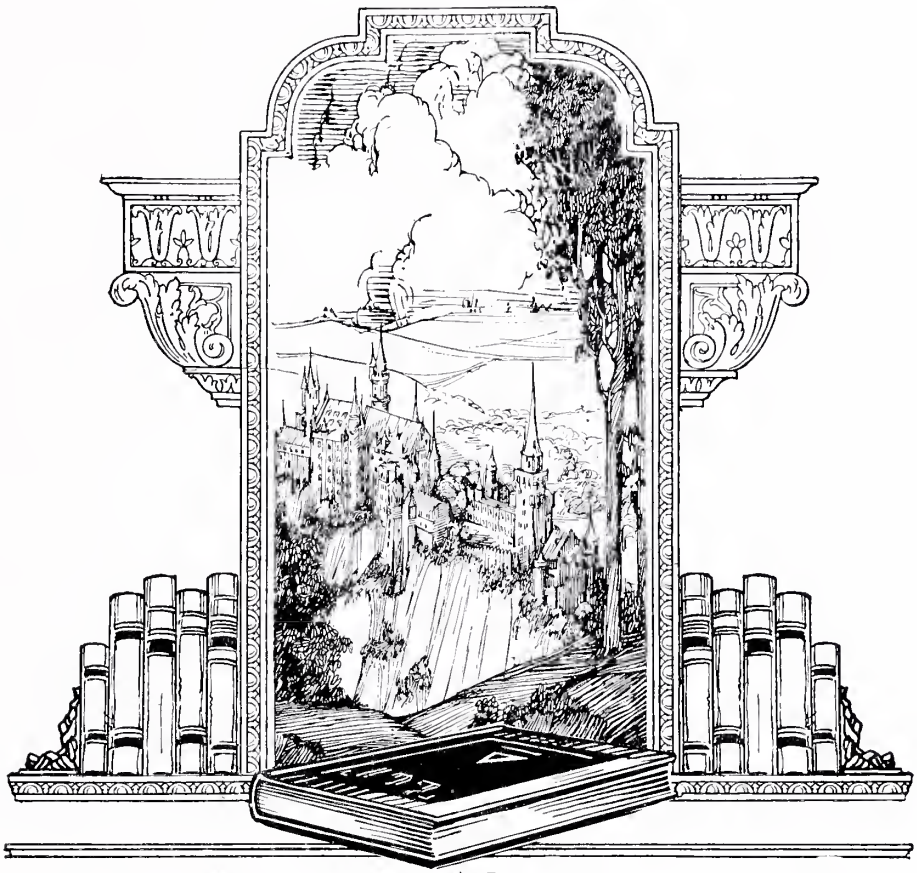

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Hubbard.


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